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Front cover: SHAWN ADAMS
Cover insets: ROBERT PROO

PUBLISHER: Frank Roedel
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Bob Stanford
ART DIRECTOR: R. Christopher Arroquun
DIST. & CIRC. MGR.: Gloria Haber
SHIPPING & RECEIVING: Keith Salter
ADVERTISING CALLS: (818) 764-2288

A founding & charter member of the Gay & Lesbian Press Association

IN TOUCH FOR MEN (USPS045-890; ISSN 0744-83411), Issue 141 (August 1988).
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LETTERS

TODD'S HIS GUY

I have never written to a journal such as yours, nor have I even considered it before. I am one of those guys who just dabble into gay rags every so often; friends and family would flip if they only knew. Nonetheless, after viewing Todd Thorsen in #135, I just could not resist the urge to write. He is absolutely one of the greatest-looking dudes I have ever seen (and I have rarely caught a glimpse of his face!). I open the magazine on my desk while working just to gaze his way now and then. Are there any other pictorials or movies starring this young hung hunk of fun flesh available? I'd like to trace his stardom sometime, preferably with my tongue! He looks a lot like 19-year-old neighbor I lust after. While I'm writing, I have to ask a question that's been gnawing at me for years: What can you tell me about Scott Baio's cock? I have had a crush on him for years. Also, what does it take to be accepted as an author of articles in a fine publication such as yours. If Scott or Todd read this and want to write me, encourage them to do so. Take care and keep up the good, hard work!

D.B.
Mount Joy, PA

All it takes to be an author for I.T. is talent! As to Todd Thorsen, so far as we know, the session he had with Mac Studios was his only venture and he doesn't seem to have made any videos. What do we know about Scott Baio's cock? We know he has one! And, since he's Italian, it must be a biggie! I remember seeing Scott on one of those Battle of the Network Stars things a couple of years ago and his athletic gear revealed a very respectable bulge, more than enough to satisfy even your lust, D.B.!

WE'RE OBSCENE IN SCOTLAND!

Congratulations, your issue #136 is quite clearly a winner! In fact, it's so good that Her Majesty's Government have decided they would like to keep it. In congratulating you on putting together such an irresistible product, my only regret is that I'll not be able to see it! Keep up the good work!

Carey Taylor
Glasgow, Scotland

Along with his letter, Carey sent us a copy of the Her Majesty's Customs and Excise Notice of Seizure Under the Customs and Excise Acts 1979 telling him that "pursuant to Section 139(6) of the Customs and Excise Mgmt. Act, 1979, etc., the Commissioners of Customs and Excise hereby give you notice that certain goods, namely I.T. #136, have been seized as . . . indecent or obscene . . . " Want to bet that the officer who seized this copy now has it under his mattress to be used for a bit of unofficial wanking off? As I've said before, it's a bloody shame that Bri-

(continued on page 22)

TODD THORSEN, from #135, by Mac Productions

TOUCH & GO

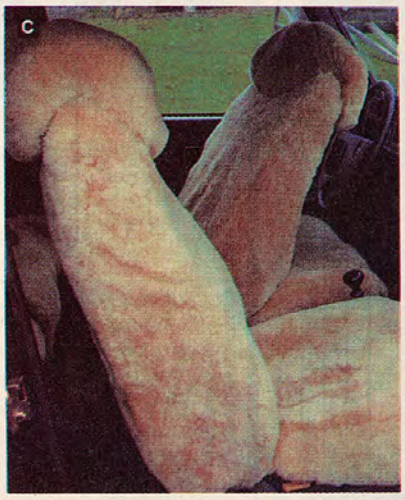
by Bob Stanford

MOON RIVER: Sports just keep on getting more and more interesting, as witness the report in *Sports Illustrated* 2/8/88 about a happening at the intercollegiate swim meet between the U. of California and Texas State. Tall, blond Shaun Jordan, one of the Longhorns, handed the "bleary-eyed" college swimming world a real eye-opener when he "dived into the U. of C. pool with the drawstring of his swimsuit untied. By any measure, it was an inopportune time for [what inevitably happened]," Jordan's trunks slipped off! "But off they came. 'Now swimming in the *white* suit for Texas," joked the announcer. Cal fans stood, cheering wildly for Jordan. [Talk about good sports! Or were they just a bunch of voyeurs?] As one spectator described it, 'Shaun was mooning the crowd every time he did a flip turn.' As it developed, Jordan just missed catching his Golden Bear rival after starting a body length and a half behind him. Thus a legend was born." Wouldn't you think his rival would have slowed down so that *he* was swimming behind Shaun? What a view! Can you believe that the author of this article went on to say that "Jordan's unadorned performance inadvertently sent a message that has since echoed through the collegiate ranks: Swim meets can be fun to watch — a revolutionary idea." He's got to be kidding — all those cute boys in skimpy Speedos have *always* been fun to watch! Our stunning illo is by Jerry Mills

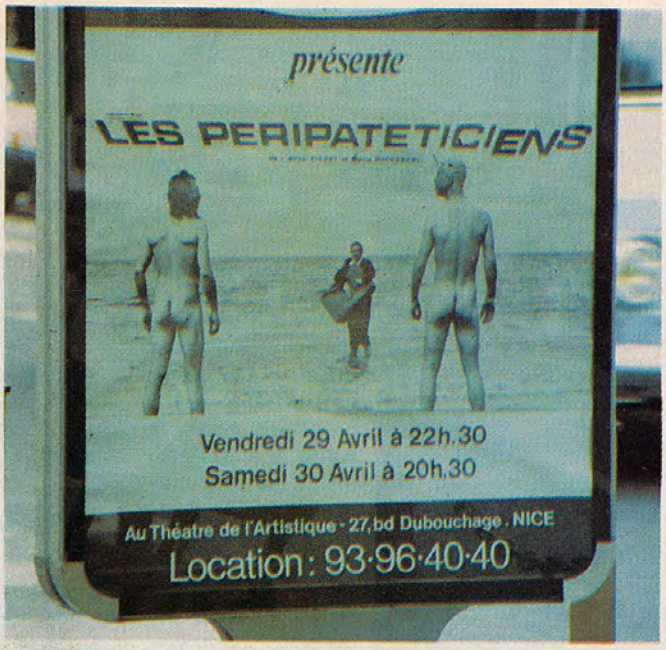
MEN OF MANITOBA: One of our readers, who says he's a Beach Bum "at age 23, and is always scoping out beaches and men in general" found himself in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada last year at Grand Beach. And was he ever lucky! That happened to be the day of the annual Mr. Manitoba contest. Here are some pix of the finalists — and a fine bunch of finalists they are! B.B. says these guys are French but I say they're gorgeous! The winner is the muscle stud in the red posing trunks, but the others sure ain't chopped liver — if any of them are looking for a crash pad in North Hollywood, my door is always open! Thanks, Beach Bum.

THEY'RE BACK!: Romanovsky & Phillips, those pals, er, guys whose last album, the award-winning *Trouble in Paradise,* was a top seller, are the revenants. Their newest is called *Emotional Rollercoaster* and it features some of El Lay's finest studio musicians. Just to give you an idea of where these men's heads are, here are some of the titles: "Give Me a Homosexual," "The Sodomy Song," "Be On the Safe Side," and "Living With AIDS.'" You can get on this *Emotional Rollercoaster* by mail order from Fresh Fruits Records, P.O. Box 4418, Berkeley, CA 94704, $8.95 for LP or Cassette, $13.95 for you trendy folks who want it on CD. $1 postage for the first item, 35 cents for each additional. Cal. residents add 6.5% for sales tax.

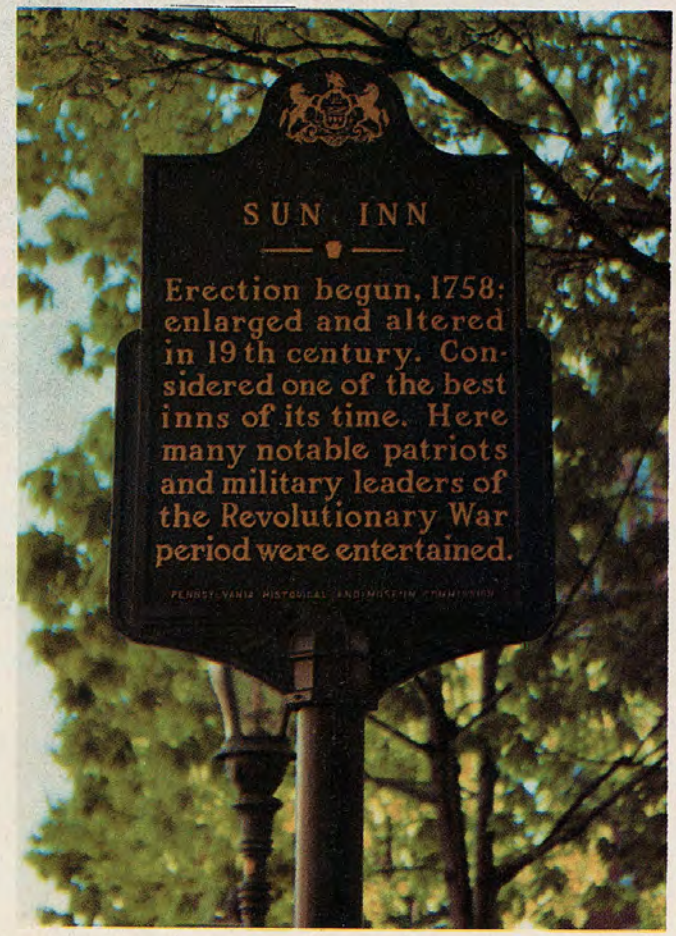
JUST LEAN BACK AND ENJOY IT: Alain Charles, the cartoonist whose work has been appearing in IN TOUCH, says that he's been looking at this ad for years and always seems to see the same thing (which is, needless to say, *not* car seat covers). Alain wonders if he is cock-eyed? Well, obviously, yes, Alain — and I say that based not only on this picture but on the content of your cartoons! But who's complaining. Furthermore, it seems evident that there are any number of ways of photographing this product that would not emphasize the undeniably phallic impact of it all, so why did the advertiser choose this angle? If you have to ask, then you shouldn't be reading IN TOUCH!



NUTS TO YOU — AND YOU — AND YOU: Those crazy guys at Eureaka Enterprises, 1 Edgedale Rd., N.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada KT3A 2P6, have come up with what they think is a fun idea. It's called The Love Nut. Eureaka claims that it is unusual, timely and great fun. "It's a real hazel nut — strike it on a hard surface and from its hollowed-out interior pops — a condom!" Now just what "hard" surface do you think these nuts have in mind? Don't answer that. What I want to know is, what do they do with the meat of the nuts after they hollow them out? Anyway, they suggest placing their eye-catching display in stores, bars, lounges and, best of all, your boudoir. The display unit holds fifty nuts (wow!) and is $50 wholesale. Individual love nuts are $1.98 plus $1 shipping and handling — but of course love nuts always come in pairs so you'll just have to order two. Oh, by the way, each nut is firmly attached to a small card that humorously explains what it's all about. Maybe we should try that with our *personal* nuts!



THE FRENCH HAVE A WORD FOR THEM: And that word is "peripateticien." And now they even seem to have a *film* about them, as this billboard seen in Nice, France, by George Schneider attests. What is a peripateticien? Well, literally speaking, it's a Greek word that means "one who walks about." The French, with their great talent for euphemisms have taken the thought one step (if you know what I mean) further: in France a peripateticien is a street walker — or prostitute! Since the derrieres revealed in this *affiche* are very obviously male, one must presume that the film is about male hustlers! Quick, where can I get a copy?



HARD TO BEAT: Can you imagine holding on to an erection since 1758! Wow! Talk about blue balls — this guy's must be purple, if they haven't already fallen off. But when he finally lets go, there will be wounded citizens for miles in every direction. George Pillson found this marker on Main Street in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which he notes is the site of Lehigh University, the home of a lot of hot studs. Anyone who lives in the New York City area and has good Ultra High Frequency reception on his t.v. knows what George means: Lehigh is the capital of collegiate wrestling and broadcasts a regular weekly program of their and other college wrestling teams "making out" on those hallowed mats. Healthy and hunky, those guys don't miss a trick.

SO GRAB A HANDFUL: And Mr. Nature knows what he's talking about! You'll notice that he's wearing loose pants too so his nuts have lots of room to "breath." I've always felt that there's nothing like a mouthful of nuts to make me feel really great. I'm sure that photog Bob Tashjian, who sent us this photo, would agree. By coincidence, just about the time I got this, I noticed an ad in many of the gay publications for a big Ball Busters Bust, to be held on a secluded ranch in Northern California in July! Sounds like fun to me!

AND BIGGER IS EVEN NICER: Although this interesting snack bar is to be found in Rio de Janeiro, I couldn't agree more.
George Schneider photo.

JOHNNY JUMP UP: One of the nicest things about living in Los Angeles is the chance to see the ads placed in the *Los Angeles Times* by a local department store chain, The Broadway. The sample shown here is just one of a long series of shots featuring some of Southern California's most pulchritudinous boys and men that has been appearing for the last several years, all of which feature some of the greatest-looking guys imaginable. And to make it even better, The Broadway's ads usually appear on a special insert printed on much better paper than the surrounding news pulp, so we can save these examples of the photographer's art with the hope that they will not turn brown and crumble into dust within the week. Thank you, Mr. Broadway.

HOT TIME TONIGHT: You may think of Ames, Iowa, as a rather stodgy mid-western college town, but from the evidence of this clipping sent us by P.H., things have sure changed! The photo caption tells us that a rioter (cause unspecified) tore off his underwear and threw it into a bonfire that had been fueled by anything the rioters could find, including street signs, furniture and a trash dumpster — but nothing half so precious as what this comely youth was consigning to the flames! He sure is cute! I wish I'd been there to offer him shelter — or something — after his courageous act. Ah, school days!

THE HOUND, POUND, SOUND OF MUSIC: According to a dispatch from Reuters, the European equivalent of the Associated Press, dateline London — "An army sergeant turned young recruits into a human xylophone by hitting them across the bare buttocks with a baseball bat as they knelt in a row, a prosecutor told a court martial yesterday. Each recruit had to yell a musical note until Sgt. Brian Thomas had played a 'tune,' the court heard. Thomas, 29, of the Royal Regiment of Wales, also was accused of urinating on a recruit. He pleaded not guilty." I should hope so! Guilty of being a music lover — that would have been shameful. It's obvious that Sgt. T. has just seen *The Boys In the Band* a few too many times. Let's hope that he is acquitted and then goes on the road with his combo: I know I'd pay top dollar to see *that* show! And front row seats would surely be at a premium! Thanks to K.W.G. of Seattle for providing us with this glimpse into the inner workings of the British Army! Illustration by Jerry Mills.

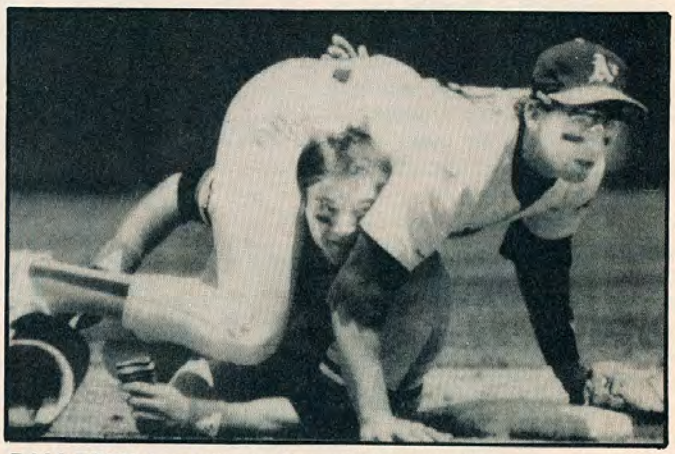
SAVE ME THE WALTZ: It seems that Kansas State U. had just won a basketball championship and these teammates were enjoying their victory . . . but the accompanying caption, no doubt intended for another article in the paper, gives the photo added interest. Thanks to J.H. for sharing this with us

KING DICK: Richard III is thought by many historians to have gotten a bum rap: they feel he did *not* do away with his cute little nephews in the Tower of London in order to achieve the crown. But who knows? That was all a long time ago. But if this still of Lord Olivier, *ne* Laurence Olivier, bears any resemblance to "The Truth About Dick" here was one King who was worthy of *any* Queen! Of course, they used cod pieces, not zippers, in those days, so accidents like this were sure to arise!

ACRES & ACRES OF IT: Otis W., of Los Angeles who sent us this photo taken in Old Monterey, tells us to "ask one of those nice Mexican lads of your acqaintance for his translation of verga. When you hear, you'll flush crimson!" Oh, Otis, how little you know me — it would take a lot more than hearing someone say "cock" for *me* to turn red — except in anticipation! By the way, this word gives new meaning to that old saying: "She was a virgin — but she was on the verge." Just change that to "She was a virgin — but she was on the verga" and the picture changes dramatically!

FILL IN THE BLANK: Since Australia is a brawling new young country filled with brawling new young men, it is not unexpected that some of their advertising should be quite blatantly sexual, unlike the advertising in our staid old United States. Take, for instance, this ad for underwear briefs, which are said to be for "every Tom, and Harry." So where's Dick? Oh, yeah, I get it. And if you could see the original of this ad, you'd see that Dick really is there in the usual place! One of our Aussie readers, no doubt a handsome brawling young man himself, sent us this clipping, which appeared in some of the national publications down under. Shame!

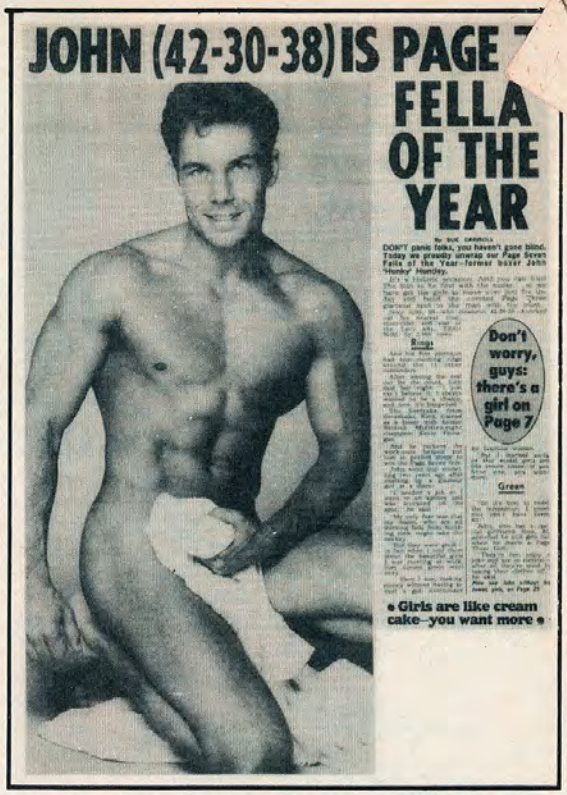
THE REAL THING: In I.T. #139, we brought you a Touch & Go item about two uniformed baseball players happily skipping down a Seattle street hand in hand — only to reveal at the end of the item that it was a publicity shot for a Seattle theater company. But, nature having a way of imitating art (or is it the other way around?), here's a shot of two veritable big league players skipping off the playing field hand in hand! It sure do beat all! Thanks to Mike of San Francisco (where else?) for this clipping.



BALL TWO!: According to the caption on one of the several versions of this picture that we received, one of these guys (the bottom man?) was "being forced" after the other guy's throw "was too late to complete a double play." Huh? Apparently if that happens you get to do whatever you want to with the loser. I'm willing to bet that this is a situation that arises a *lot,* especially if your opponent is a hunky guy. John Bullock had the balls to send us this.

OOIE, GOOIE: Carmel-by-the Sea is noted, among other things, as being the town where Clint Eastwood was the mayor and where Kim Novak lives. There is also an outfit located in the picturesque village called Fun-Ware and, to judge by their catalog, their beach and leisure wear garments are not only fun to wear, they're just as much fun to look at, due to the lissome male models who display them. The line includes briefs, swim suits, caftans, etc., and the price range is right: medium. Furthermore, ten percent of all catalog orders will be donated to AIDS programs for those in need. If you're going to suit up, here's the place to get your gear. If you'd like a copy of the catalog, send $1 to Fun-Ware, Box 22139, Carmel, CA 93922.

SHOULDN'T THAT BE "CENTURY"?: As you must know by now, if you've been reading I.T. for a while, the *Sun* of London is a paper that titillates its readers with as many nude and semi-nude folks, both male and female, as possible. Their Page 3 Girls (of whom pop diva Samantha Fox is only the most prominent) are among the most celebrated women in Great Britain. But, just to take care of their female readers (and the odd chap), they also have a regular Page 7 Man feature — and here's their top Page 7 Man of The Year, John "Hunky" Huntley (a most appropriate middle name, I vow). And to mark the gravity of the occasion, the editors switched the gels to Page 7, giving gorgeous John the top spot for March 21, 1988 — which is only natural since he looks like a very top man to me. "Sexy John, 26 — who measures 42-30-38 [yes, yes, don't stop there with the measurements!] beat out his nearest rival by 2,000 votes. The beefcake, from Sevenoaks, Kent, trained as a boxer." He's been a model for the last two years. Alas, he has a special girlfriend, Ness — although he admits he still gets hot when he reads Page 3! Those cockteasing editors finish off the article by promising. "Now see John without his towel, girls, on page 25." Do I have to tell you that he is indeed without his towel —but fully clothed — on page 25? That's right. Boo, hiss. Thanks to Tony Gillies for this clipping.



BEST IN BRITISH BOTS: *The Sun* of London is at it again with shots of near-naked young people — and they don't mind showing off chaps, either as this shows! These charmingly-buttocked youths were entrants in a contest to find the "Best Bot in Britain," and they certainly came up with some winners! Readers were to vote for their favorite's behind (or their favorite behind, take your pick) by calling different phone numbers. The men were all going to appear —and strip — at the "biggest ever" party at London's Hippodrome organized by Dreamboys model agency (can I have the composites of all your models?) and Diamonds Password contraceptives (that's condoms, mate), so it was all in aid of disseminating (I mean that literally) safe sex info. Lest you wonder, the winner was — Darrell Marsh, 4th from left. Darrell is 22, 6'2", 42 inch chest, weight 13½ stone (let's see now, a stone is 14 pounds so Darrell weighs . . . oh, you figure it out). But, he's got a steady girl named Vivica. Darrell says *she's* got a great bottom too. A real bottom man, our Dar is! I must confess that *my* favorite bot of the lot is Gary Williams, 2nd from left, with two gorgeous handfulls behind him. And the cutest over all is David Marler, the sweet 18-year-old on the far left. But I'd like to pinch *all* their cheeks. Tony Gillies, our tops in British correspondents, says that when he saw this he thought of us . . . don't ask him why! IT

GAY READING by Richard Labonte: Celebrity biographies are often whiny, creepy affairs in which scores are settled, reputations are slashed and jaunty, jaundiced lies are the order of the day. But Gerald Clarkes' *Capote* (Simon & Schuster, hardcover, $22.95) is more endearing — to say nothing of utterly involving — fare. Except for a handful of "he-was-a-homo-because-mama-drank-and-daddy-disappeared" stereotypes, Clarke is pretty evenhanded about Truman Capote's sexual and romantic life, treacherous and tortured as it was; and the faltered writer's homosexuality is but one of his many facets turned to view in this long, lucid and eventually caring life's story.

Biography of a different but no less involving sort comes in British actor Simon Callow's reverent yet unsparing look at the life of Charles Laughton, in *Charles Laughton: A Difficult Actor* (Grove Press, hardcover, $18.95). Callow comes to the stuttery career and shadowed sexuality of Laughton in the spirit of an acolyte, somewhat in awe of what the British actor (gay but the husband of Elsa Lanchester) possessed by way of mastery of his craft, somewhat resentful that so much of that talent was squandered. And unlike most biographies, which pretend omniscience, Callow's achieved intent is to discuss an elder actor's life from the perspective of a younger actor's yearning to learn. This he does with enticing directness and detail, without at the same time making *A Difficult Actor* too much of an insider's account. Instead, it's more a privileged glimpse inside the minds and lives of two interesting actors.

Another privileged glimpse at the private shapes and emotional contours of gay lives comes in *Rat & the Devil: Journal Letters of F.O. Mattiessen and Russell Cheney* (Alyson, softcover, $9.95), edited by Louis Hyde. It contains selections from the 20-year correspondence of artist Cheney, middle-aged in 1924, and of Mattiessen, a young graduate student — but eventually one of America's premier literary critics, and those letters, rich with explorations of love as well as with expressions of love, are another fascinating glimpse inside lives and minds. That they loved each other is the obvious surface of the letters, selected by Hyde from among more than 3,000; what that love meant, how it saved Mathiessen's life once, what chaos and triumphs surrounded it, is also expressed in the letters that chronicle everything from mundane pet matters to monstrous, crippling depressions. Kudos to Alyson for bringing back into print a slice of gay history unavailable for several years.

Speaking of gay history: last year, I reviewed — quite favorably — another Alyson reprint, of the 1933 novel *Better Angel* by Richard Meeker: a gay classic by an author briefly brilliant and then presumed lost to the decades.

Early in 1988, an elderly gent, quiet but regally gleeful, came into A Different Light Bookstore in Los Angeles and asked the person at the cash register — me — if we had a book called *Better Angel* in stock.

We did. One copy. I passed it over, to a hand

Forman Brown, alias Richard Meeker. Patrick Blickenstaff photo.

shaking with what I thought was age. Actually, it was grateful surprise. The customer was Forman Brown, 87.

"I'm Richard Meeker," he said. "Actually, I'm not. My name is Forman Brown and I'm the author of this book." He had heard from a younger friend that a book bearing "his" title was at A Different Light and, while not really believing it was his, thought he'd come to see.

Brown, who still has the original typed manuscript of *Better Angel* (Alyson, paperback, $5.95), based much of it on his own experiences of traveling and living for a year in Europe after college; it's a sweet, sure, sage story about being young and growing up gay. It's trite to say that, for a novel published in 1933, it has an amazingly positive ending, presenting the possibility of a happy homosexual life; better to note that not many novels of the '50s, '60s and even the '70s were as encouraging or as reassuring.

Theater, though, was Brown's first romance. Before traveling to Europe, he met two men with whom he was to spend nearly the next 70 years: his companion until death in the early 1980s, Richard (Roddy) Brandon, and their colleague Harry Burnett, also 87, with whom Brown shares a spacious, shady, memento-stuffed Hollywood home.

Starting in the 1920s, the trio formed the nucleus of the Yale Puppeteers, which grew to be the most highly-acclaimed troupe of its kind before the Second World War, with Burnett honored as a master of the puppets — the eerily magical ones on strings, not the more mundane hand-stuffed variety. And in 1941 the three and their friends formed The Turnabout Theatre in Hollywood, which from 1941 to 1956 was the center of cafe society culture in Los Angeles.

It was through the theatre that Brown formed one of his most lasting and important career alliances: over the years he had written radio skits and innumerable songs and routines for the puppet shows: now, he became lyricist-in-residence for the celebrated movie character actor (and Bride of Frankenstein!) Elsa Lanchester — the wife of Charles Laughton; it's a small gay world, no? — who gave more than 2,000 performances on the Turnabout stages — so-called because the first half of the evening saw the presentation of a skilled, satirical puppet show, at intermission the backs of the reconstructed trolley car benches were flipped over, the audience faced the other end of the hall and a cabaret show of song and spirited skittishness featuring Miss Lanchester and others of a like bent was presented. Miss Lanchester's autobiography, *Elsa Lanchester Herself*, tells of this era.

Though *Better Angels* was his only fiction, he's fiercely proud of it — especially of the fact that, 60 years after he lived it and more than 50 years after it was published, it had the power to earn positive reviews and a new generation of readers.

Many of the good gay voices of today are represented in two new magazines whose first issues appeared a few months into 1988 and just a few weeks apart.

Other Countries: Black Gay Voices, a collection of interviews, essays, poetry, short plays, photographs and graphics, is to be published periodically — but the more often the better, if the scope, quality and intense readability of the premier edition is any example.

It's obvious from the contents that this is a magazine that has in fact been edited, not merely assembled. There is nary a weak voice among the chorus of contributors and, for the most part, the voices of *Other Countries* are voices too seldom allowed expression in the gay cultural mainstream. Denied space, excluded from consideration, the collective responsible for the magazine has created its own means of creating, collecting and conveying black gay words. In the process, they have crafted one of the few fine gay male journals in America — where there are dozens, and more, for women.

To single out any contributor is not to slight any other. But "Hooked for Life" by Assotto Saint and "On the Line" by L. Phillip Richardson are particularly enveloping fictions; poetry by D. Rubin Green, Brad Johnson, Redvers Jeanmarie and Donald Woods reverberates beyond a first reading; and Daniel Garrett's eloquent, firm essay "The Importance of Difference" defines *Other Countries* for its readers: "The development . . . (now) of Black Gay literature is not so much a rewriting of history as an additional writing of it . . . I look forward to many Black Gay aesthetics."

Out/Look, too, is something new and rare and important. The Spring 1988 issue, their first, is a heartening mix of lesbian and gay writers, opinions and entertainments. Contributors include Robert Gluck and JoAnn Loulan on sex, gay and lesbian respectively, porn and passion both; Eric Garber on the life of Gladys Bentley, bulldagger who sang the blues; Meredith Maran and Paul Horowitz on the March on Washington; Valerie Miner on books. And more, much more, a cross between the cultural pages of *The Advocate*, the literacy of *Christopher Street* and the sense of self of such lesbian magazines as *Sinister Wisdom* and *Trivia and Heresies* (to cite just a few of many). *Other Countries* is available from P.O. Box 3142, Church Street Station, New York, NY 10008-3142, $6.95; *Out/Look* from P.O. Box 146430, San Francisco, CA 94114-9903, $5.00.

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(UK/Italy, 1972) Director: Pier Paolo Pasolini. Cast: Hugh Griffith, Laura Betti, Ninetto Davoli, Franco Citti, Robin Asquith, Josephine Chaplin, Tom Baker. Color. Running Time: 111 minutes. Rating: X.

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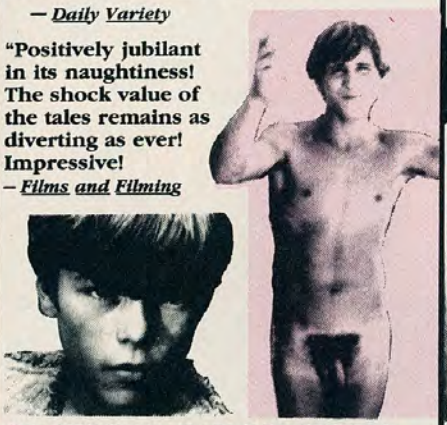

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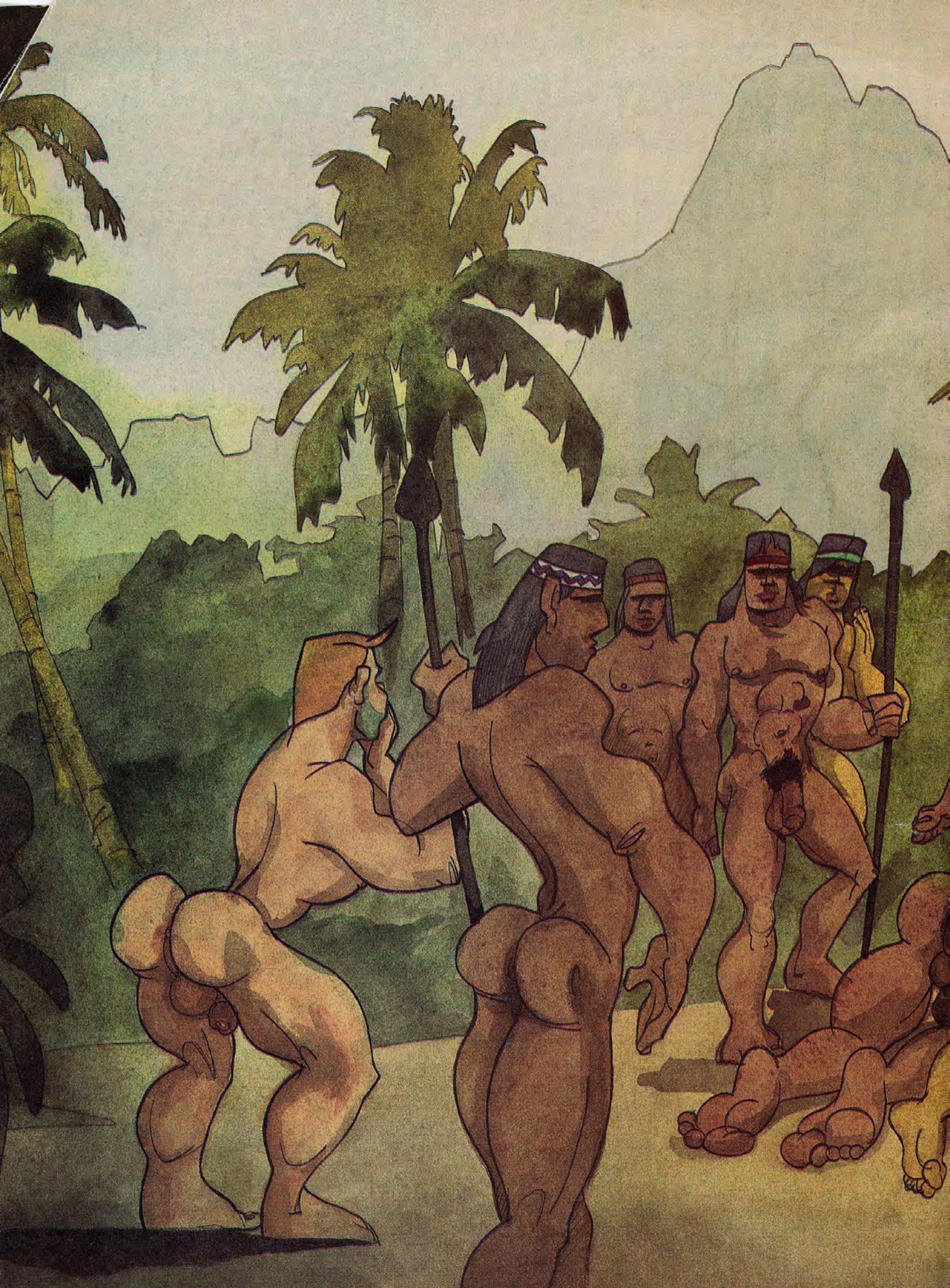

ISLAND RITUAL

fiction by Guy Haskins, Ph.D

Little did I know back in 1975 that the handsome foreign student in my Cultural Anthropology class would one day become king of the Pacific island nation of Udu-Itu. I remembered Hani-Lapo especially for his dazzling Polynesian smile, his slender waist, his swimmer's chest, and his taut buttocks, outlined shamelessly in everything he wore. I remember as well the playful brilliance of the two papers he submitted to me, on "Underdeveloped Sexual Attitudes in American Culture," and "Polynesian Submission and Fertility Rituals." Needless to say, I gave him an A+ on each paper.

I had graduated from college at 17 and acquired my Ph.D. at 20. Now, at the age of 26 I had been a college professor for five years. During that time many of my students at this all-male college had let me know in ways both subtle and brazen that they found me attractive, but I felt it better to not get involved with any of these young men, outstandingly attractive though many of them were — and Hani-Lapo was certainly one of my top two or three in that category. I often thought of him after he left.

A year later, I was surprised and pleased to

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get an invitation from him to visit his island and observe the rituals he had written about with such enthusiasm and insight.

Aside from seeing Hani-Lapo again, the chance to visit Udu-Itu was extremely exciting. The island had achieved independence from the United States fifty years earlier and had established a very restrictive policy on visits from non-islanders. Only one or two foreigners were permitted to visit the island and then only for a period of two days and one night. The successive rulers had established a policy of self-sufficiency on the island and no "modern" inventions were permitted other than a single ham radio station to be used in emergencies. This was the chance of a lifetime!

With the death of Hani-Lapo's father in early 1976, my former student had succeeded to the palmetto throne. I had had no doubt that he would be a successful ruler; he could charm the pants off anyone, or so I had gathered from his campus reputation. I recalled his habit of putting his arms behind his head as he asked a question in class. He would look straight at me as he saw my eyes zero in on the moist tufts of his armpits, and his hand would wander up his thigh. He knew that eventually I would turn away so that I could concentrate on answering his question and avoid the mischief in his eyes. I looked forward to seeing those eyes again, and I hoped to see much more as well — the native Udu-Itu costume being little more than a shell suspended from a waist string.

The next island rituals were set for the winter solstice, so I flew to Honolulu in mid-December, changed planes, flew to the nearest island to Udu-Itu with an air strip and then boarded a small catamaran propelled by four Udu-Itu men, finally arriving at the beach near Pokassa, the capital of Udu-Itu, just as the winter sun was rising. I was carried ashore by the boatmen and was there greeted by the new king's brother, a most charming young man, wearing a brief sarong.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "I am Hani-Longo, and you are our honored guest." He presented me with a lei and kissed me on the lips, one of the pleasant island customs.

Longo, as he preferred to be called, was to be my guide and interpreter. Taller than his brother, he was nevertheless his equal in grace and beauty. He devoured me with his eyes, and I reciprocated, guardedly at first, but more openly in the carriage. He directed the driver to the only tourist accommodations, a series of beautifully-constructed thatched cabins, furnished with island-made tables and chairs — and a very large bed. Longo accompanied me to my cabin.

"My brother told me your were blond and handsome. It is true," he said simply as he closed the door behind us.

"Thank you, Longo. You are quite as handsome as your brother."

"I would like to see you naked," he said abruptly.

"Excuse me?" I wasn't sure I had heard him correctly. I had no idea he would be so direct.

"I would like to see you naked, if it is not too much trouble," he explained. "It would give me great pleasure. On this island, we love beauty in every form, and it is a rare chance to see a blond man like you naked." He tried to make things easy for me. "Here, I will prepare your bath, then I will leave you to rest, if you like: I know you are tired from your journey."

"Don't go — may I see *you* naked as well?"

"Of course," he agreed with a smile. "My brother would count me lacking in hospitality if I did not grant your every request," a remark that gave me many interesting ideas.

Instantly, he stripped off his sarong. He kicked the cloth to one side and stood before me stark naked, proud to display his own body, more comfortable nude than clothed. He was hairless except for his crotch. His nipples were dark and large. He fingered them as he stood displaying himself. His uncircumcised penis hung thick, with purple veins and skin as dark as his nipples. He turned slowly to show me his muscular ass, also hairless, but slightly lighter in color, as if he had been fed with milk and coconut meat all of his young life. I was so dazzled I forgot to complete undressing, but he reminded me.

I quickly stripped and let twenty pairs of hands fondle my cock and balls. When we were ready, they led us into the main hut, filled with naked men, all with full erections.

"Now you!" he commanded.

I was somewhat embarrassed — I had a hardon in spite of my jet-lag — but I wriggled out of my underwear and presented myself to his eager eyes. I had been a gymnast in college and a regular gym goer since and I hoped he would be pleased with what he saw.

"We sometimes have more hair than you," I apologized for the thatch on my chest and the down between my ass cheeks.

"Oh, but it is beautiful." He ran both hands over my ass. "And it is wonderful to see a blond man such as you excited and fully erect." He gently ran the fingers of one hand over my penis, while the other continued explore my ass crack. I remembered with growing anticipation that Hani-Lapo had explained in his paper that on Udu-Itu no distinction was made between the sexes when it came to love making — all forms of sexual intercourse between and among sexes was considered good.

Longo took my hands and placed them on his nipples and ass. He took me in his arms and we embraced, kissing passionately, as he ground his engorged sex organ into mine. He pushed me onto the bed and quickly assumed the sixty-nine position.

He sucked and licked generously, even though I must have smelled quite ripe after nine hours of travelling. On my part, I inhaled the abundant fragrance of his thick and uncut cock and kissed it with the reverence I reserve for beautiful things. He responded immediately.

"Take it in your mouth. Yes, that's it, suck it in and out. Play with the skin, please. Oh, yes. Now lick my balls. I love to have a blond man lick my balls. Would you do one more thing, please?"

"Gladly. What?" I caught my breath anxiously.

"Would you lick my hole? I would love to have my asshole licked by a blond man. I have often beat off with that thought."

Very willing to please this superb young man, I plunged my tongue into his bronze hole and he let out a low moan as he ground his hips into my face.

"Oh, yes — deeper," he directed. "Taste me." Suddenly he shuddered and began to shoot. I quickly moved my face to his cock and caught the second load. His cream tasted of yogurt and cucumbers. He began sucking furiously on my cock. Within seconds, I came in his mouth. He continued sucking me dry, licking up every drop. He reversed position and kissed me so that we mixed each other's sperm in our mouths; then he kissed my neck before retreating to the pile of his clothing. "You will be perfect for the ceremony. My brother has chosen well." He dressed, kissed me again on the forehead, and then left.

His manly perfume lingered in the room — I lifted my fingers to my nose to smell it. I was reluctant to wash his fragrance away, as I stepped into the tub. I soaked luxuriously for an hour, wondering what Longo had meant about the ceremony, but the moments past were too rich to go unrewarded. I soaped up my cock and got an appropriate response. The memory of my fingers intimately probing between my recent lover's ass cheeks and the smell of his hair as he kissed me brought me quickly to my second orgasm on the island of Udu-Itu. I shot my load in tribute to the young man who would be my guide through the island rituals, and then I slept till noon of the following day.

Presents began to arrive just before dinner: baskets of fruit, flowers, carved wooden heads, a local island liquor; but Longo did not return until dusk of the following day. He drove a pony cart and wore nothing but the native costume, a shell covering his private parts — a very large shell!

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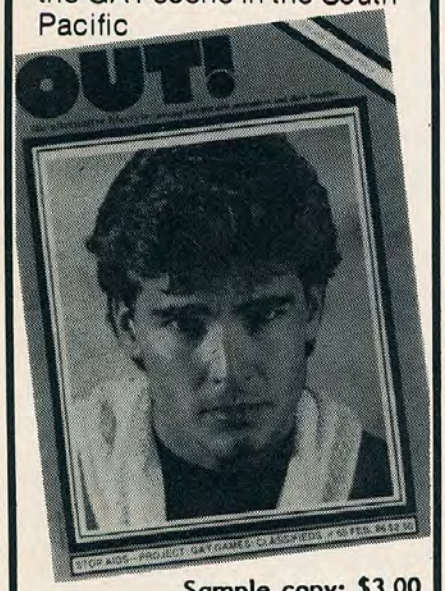

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"Get in," he said, "and I will explain on the way."

"Where are we going?"

"To the old settlement, the oldest inhabited part of the island. We will prepare ourselves for the ceremony. All this is quite exhausting for my brother, you know."

"I suspected as much, since I haven't seen him yet."

"He was afraid to see you because he has been preparing for the ceremony. It goes on for eight days and he is expected, as the leader of our people, to keep a hardon continuously. He has had to shun sex for a whole week in preparation. You would have been a temptation. You understand?"

"Yes, of course. I understand and am very flattered. Your brother wrote a paper for me. If I recall, the men go first, right?"

That's right. We will all be naked, or natural if you prefer, and the trick is to keep a hardon, without shooting, because that would be disrespectful. But it is also disrespectful to have a limp cock. Can you manage all that?"

"Why, with all the beautiful young men here, keeping a hardon would certainly be easy — but what if I *do* go limp?"

"I will be standing next to you. If you feel you are about to lose your hardon, you may touch my ass cheeks — even stick your finger inside if necessary. Do you think that will arouse you again?"

"Yes, just thinking about it now is giving me a boner!" I replied.

"Good. Then it's all set." He smiled and grabbed my cock through the shorts I was wearing as my only garment.

We arrived at an enclosure of several huts connected by corridors of woven mats and dried vegetation. Many men and women were gathered round the entrance of the hut to which Longo led me. The sound of drums was everywhere, and one could smell the excitement in the air. Longo removed his shell cod piece as soon as we got inside and two men began applying coconut oil to his body. At this sight I became hard immediately.

"You too must take off your clothes," he instructed.

"You mean here?" I asked, looking around at all the men and women.

"Yes, of course," he laughed, "they have come here specially to see you. They see *me* all the time — I'm nothing new! But I told them all about you and they have come to see for themselves. Oh, they will want to feel your erection for themselves. It is part of the custom. You must permit it." He looked at my hardon, "And you are in exactly the state they want to see you in."

I quickly stripped and let the twenty pairs of hands fondle my cock and balls while applying oil to my entire body. They were fondling Longo too, not enough to make him shoot, but just enough to keep him hard. When we were both prepared, he led me through the palm fronds, betweem the row of drums into the main hut, which was filled exclusively with men, all naked and erect.

"At the beginning of the ceremony, my brother is the only one permitted to hide his nakedness. We all submit ourselves to him first as we are. Soon he will come in. He will be wearing a loin cloth of animal skin. After he is seated, I and my cousin will go up to him and expose his genitals to the people. Then the ceremony will begin.."

I watched with professional fascination as the ritual commenced, proud to be the first non-islander to be permitted to take part in these rites. In addition, I must admit that I was eager to see my former student's genitals exposed in such a public setting. I had fantasized about his body so often that I had no trouble keeping my hardon.

Hani-Lapo entered, wearing the loin cloth and with a magnificent headress of feathers on his head, strings of rare shells around his neck, as all but one drum was hushed. He sat among the palm fronds on a wide, cushioned bench and permitted his genitals to be exposed by his brother and cousin. Finally, I saw for the first time his two hairy nuts nestled between his muscular thighs and the royal prick, half-hard and peeking its pink head from the darker foreskin. He hadn't changed. He was as gorgeously handsome as ever but now his face was serious, conscious of his duty to his people.

Six men entered. They had been chosen, I knew, for their athletic prowess, their beauty, and the size of their organs. I knew also that they had been forbidden to have sex since the last full moon, a month ago. It was impossible to imagine a more beautiful set of virile young men, each one with a stiff erection standing straight up in the air as they marched toward their ruler. Each youth presented food and a cup of water to Hani-Lapo. He sampled each offering and returned it, but drank all the water. Then he stood and aimed his now-hard organ into the ceremonial cup. He pulled on it several times, just enough to produce some drops of pre-cum liquid, which he allowed to drop into the cup and presented it to each of the men in turn. They each drank and then presented their genitals to the seated king.

Hani-Lapo took each distended organ into his mouth and sucked. The men formed a ring, backs together, arms entwined and slowly moved around so that the king could suck each cock for several minutes before the next man presented his organ for attention. The king's duty, I knew, was to bring each man to orgasm and absorb his virility as their king. After their long abstinence, the men had little trouble in cumming after only two or three circles. One man, however, had difficulty cumming and had to be assisted by his neighbor, who shoved a finger up the dilatory one's ass. But he too eventually came as the others had.

Then Hani-Lapo sat back on his bench and spread his legs. Each of the six went up to kiss the king's balls, thus pledging themselves to serve him and Udu-Itu. Some of them lingered more than others, and I could see Hani-Lapo hunch up his ass as they licked his hole, submitting themselves to him and to the nation. By this time my former pupil had a raging hardon and must have been longing to release his royal sperm, but he knew his duty and abstained.

The first six men withdrew and three others

were brought in, their hands behind their backs. I was unfamiliar with this part of the ritual, so I asked Hani-Longo what was going on?

"These men have been found guilty of rape. In our culture, this is a very serious crime because sex is so free among us. We cannot understand why anyone would need to force another into sex, when it is so freely available from either men or women. Their punishment will fit their crime," he said as he fondled my ass and shoved a finger inside. I reciprocated.

The three men were forced onto their knees on a low platform, with their asses up into the air. They were beautiful young men and I knew they were going to be fucked. That thought and the finger up my ass almost made me cum, but I knew that that would be disrespectful, so I closed my eyes and pulled my finger out of Hani-Longo's tight little tail. He understood and kissed me, as he too withdrew his finger from my hole.

The three prisoners were dutifully fucked by each of their guards, who did it round-robin fashion, pulling out of one and sticking it into another until each of the guards had come and a cry of triumph went up from the crowd. The guards seemed understandably enthusiastic over their duty but, curiously, so did the prisoners over their punishment. I could see that two of them shot their cream all over the mat below them. They groaned freely in their pleasure and the king watched it all as an example of justice being done.

After the prisoners were removed, the king stood up and very deliberately fondled his genitals in the direction of each side of the room.

"It is time," my guide said.

"Time for what?" I asked.

"My brother will now choose who is to satisfy him. I think I know who it will be," he said with a smile, staring at me just as his brother turned in my direction and discarded his loin cloth.

I realized that I was about to become part of the ceremony.

A shout went up throughout the enclosure. "You must go to him and perform the submission ritual," Hani-Longo instructed me.

"Which one!"

"Do just as the warriors did, but take your time; everyone will be watching. This is a great honor and you must be seen to be enjoying it immensely. People will then begin to leave the enclosure to satisfy themselves and each other."

My former student sat down once more on his bench and draped his muscular legs over the sides. He presented me with his cock, his balls, and his asshole for the submission ritual. I felt very privileged. I walked straight up to him, and for the first time he smiled at me with his eyes. I knelt and smelled the fragrance of his balls as I kissed them. I licked under and around them and between his thighs and the ball sac. He was delicious and made it obvious that he appreciated my attentions. I stuck my tongue into his hole. I could hear him gasp as he pushed his asshole into my face. I took little bites on the inside of his ass cheeks, returning to his hole until he begged me to take his cock into my mouth.

His penis was fragrant and delicious. The skin slid easily over the head. It was a brown-purple color and concealed a thick pink head. I took it into my mouth. I sucked on its sleek hardness, and he struggled to keep from shooting. I held back too, wanting to enjoy this unparalleled moment, but after fifteen minutes my idol could wait no longer and came copiously, with pent-up need. He bucked his hips so that the crowd would know he had reached climax. A cheer went up, just as the young king's sperm began dripping from my mouth. He tasted like coconuts. He smiled at me in angelic satisfaction.

Longo drove me to the tourist compound after the ceremony. As we drove along he turned to me and said, "Congratulations. Not one person left the hut before you brought my brother to climax. This is unheard of! You performed magnificently."

I was pleased but, savoring the memory of the recent event, had little to say to Longo, who understood perfectly.

Once in my hut, Longo threw off his clothes and lay down on the bed his tight brown butt in the air, an open invitation, compounded by the smile he gave me over his shoulder.

"Now, you!" he said, "I want you to fuck me. I've always wanted a blond man with a big dick to leave his sperm in my ass. I think it will be good luck. Please start with the submission ritual!"

Wantonly, I shoved my head under him and licked his cock and balls. He was hot and sweaty after all the excitement. I licked all the sweat around his balls and moved to his ass hole. He moaned. I licked it good and proper, opening it with my tongue. I wanted to spend more time kissing his butt hole but I needed to cum badly. So I positioned my cock at his anal entrance and shoved. I entered all at once; he seemed to like it that way. His eyes closed and his jaw dropped in an agony of pleasure. Just then, as we were in this delicate position, his brother, the king, my former student, entered the room.

"Just in time!" he announced with a smile. Throwing off his loin cloth, he jumped onto the bed behind me. "I've wanted this for a long time," he said as he shoved his thick piece of meat into me and gave me a (literally) royal fucking!

The three of us screwed in harmony to our hearts' content. We came together, all at once, in a mess of sweat and cum. I finally got to taste my former student's armpits — and, of course, everything else he had used to tease me.

I now return to the island every winter, where all the natives treat me with profound respect as the king's most valued advisor as well as best friend of he and his brother. I was given a large grant to study the island's culture. Needless to say, I love my field of study.

Oh yes, about those three men punished for rape: there hadn't been a real case of rape on the island for more than fifty years. The three youths were volunteers, chosen for their beauty from among the dozens who offered to take part in this satisfying public atonement for sins never committed!

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TOM'S PAGE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear.
— ROBERT SOUTHWELL, "The Burning Babe"

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LETTERS

(continued from page 5)

tain doesn't have a constitution and a bill of rights to protect its citizens from such intrusions into their private lives.

HAIR TODAY, SMOOTH TOMORROW

I've been drooling over your great magazine for a little more than six months now and think it's the greatest. The May issue has a great shot of a young lad named Craig Andrews who has his hot pubes shaved smooth as a baby. When I turned the page to him I almost fainted with pleasure. I've never seen pictures of shaved pubes before and find it extremely exciting. Even tried shaving myself and loved it. My question is — are there any clubs or organizations I can write to that have shaving as a theme? Additionally, are there any videos featuring hot young guys with shaved pubes, not J.O. films?

Smoothie
California

I haven't been able to find any listings for shaving groups but you might try looking into Drummer Magazine's *classifieds. Also, have you read the article on shaving, "Cum Clean," in IN TOUCH #136? You'll love it! I know of several shaving films:* Man Talk, *from Adam & Co., and* Poker Studs, *from Driveshaft Video. The first has a long sequence about shaving while; the second contains a sequence in which the loser in a poker game has to submit to having his body hair shaved off. If you like leather men (and I do), then you ought to see Buckshot's new video* The Leather Report, *featuring the fabulously handsome and sexual Tom Lee, who was the subject of an interview in I.T. #126, called "Self-Made Man." Tom hasn't a hair anywhere on or around his beautiful cock and balls!*

SELF-SERVICE

Wish I had a photo to document this anecdote but I was too slow to get my camera out. A friend and I stopped in at a cafe (which shall remain nameless) in Gila Bend, Arizona, for breakfast early one Monday a.m. — en route from a weekend in Phoenix, back to San Diego. There was no hostess on duty but one of those black felt board signs that you stick white letters on stood in the entry. It said: "Please eat yourself. Thank you!" It really cracked a few people up until a waitress checked it out and supplied the missing "s" in "seat"!

Rob K.
San Diego, CA

Those were instructions that anyone over the age of 18 or so and no longer so flexible would find quite hard to comply with!

SAFE SEX OR SELF DECEPTION?

Thanks for a great magazine. It's wonderful to get I.T. every month and it's read cover-to-cover shortly after it arrives. While I love Touch & Go and "Poppers," I think some of your more interesting articles in recent issues have covered the gay porn industry. I

(continued on page 67)

HOLIDAY TIMES

SPARTACUS opens the gay travel season of 1988.

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PARKER

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-SEX-SURROGATE

article by Keith Kokino

At 27, Brad is tall, with light brown hair and a fair complexion. The celebrity he most closely resembles is Don Johnson. Brad's athletic build and devastatingly sexual personality might well have brought him a career in movies rather than his current job as a counselor of college students in California.

A while back Brad was between jobs. He'd come back from a stay in Sweden, where he'd held his last job for nearly three years. In a hospital-affiliated sex clinic near Stockholm, Brad was a sex surrogate. For *men*. "Scandinavians are far less uptight about homosexuality than Americans or even other Europeans. And in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, gays have legal protections undreamt of in the U.S."

That's one reason Brad spent time in Copenhagen. "I'd finished college in the states, couldn't get a good job, and wanted to travel before settling down. I honestly thought I'd end up married, maybe even with a kid. Till then I'd only had sex with guys a few times; I loved it, but you know the way we're raised — with guilt and self-loathing. And that's another reason I wanted to go abroad: to see if other cultures were all that different.

"I went to Paris, met a guy named Jacques, he showed me the sights, including his own. It was wonderful. He said he'd accepted his gayness from the start, that it wasn't better or worse — just less common! His parents accepted it, because he didn't act like a stereotype. In fact, I found French society as a whole far less anti-sex than ours; our puritan background makes America very anti-sexual in general and anti-sensual."

Brad lived in Copenhagen for a few months, "Illegally. I was working, see. I was a male stripper for a month and a bit. At a gay nightclub that tourists never go to, which was fine by me. But I got bored with that, fast. A couple of years before, everyone was telling me I oughta try modeling, 'cause of my looks. Finally, just to get them off my back, and to earn some fast dough, I did.

"I lasted a few weeks in that. Modeling is dehumanizing, and I had to pretend I was straight to everybody, even to the gay camera-amen. Because of the bosses and the industry's outlook. I mean, I'm butch enough, and I figured I didn't need to apologize to anybody. Also, female models are real cockteasers, especially if you're gay — they see every man as a challenge, whether or not they actually want him in bed.

"Besides, I wanted something where I could use a skill, or at least my personality. So I said goodbye to both modeling — in L.A. — and stripping, in Copenhagen."

Brad moved on to Sweden, where one of his cousins lives. "It was real laid-back, and Stockholm a lot more small-townish than Copenhagen. I lived there a few months, staying with my cousin, bumming around and going over into Norway to see the fjords. Beautiful country, but eventually kinda monotonous, and I was itching to work, make my own way.

So Nels shows me one of the sex newspapers he subscribes to —in Sweden, they're not underground. Well, in the ad section —such is life — help wanted: healthy gay or bisexual male, to work in sex clinic. I was definitely intrigued; it was all so foreign to me, so liberal and nonchalant. To make a long story short, I became a sex surrogate for other men.

"At first I was afraid it was some kind of prostitution in disguise. But it was all legit, and the doctor in charge of the clinic clearly explained all the functions of the job. He told me what it paid, which was itself healthy but not outstanding, that I'd have to undergo training, and the work, by its nature, could only be part-time — but it paid full-time wages.

"The place was hospital-affiliated but was underwritten by the government — those incredibly high taxes — and a big chemical corporation that makes condoms and birth control pills. Dr. K said the main qualifications for the post were a healthy mind, sound body and a sense of humor about oneself and sex. Of course, most of the clinic's patients were heterosexuals, but they had two other gay surrogates, whom, however, I never was allowed to meet. I think they felt we might feel too competitive, or compare notes!

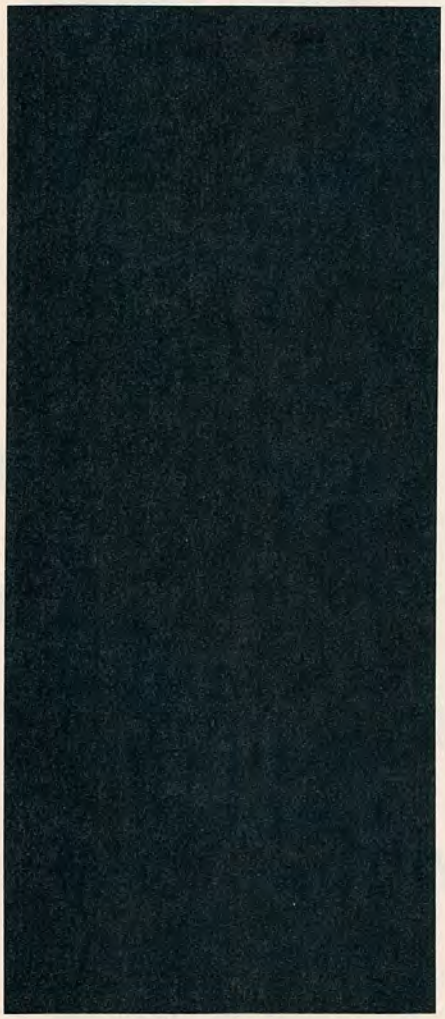
"I only had to strip down to my shorts, so obviously equipment wasn't a consideration. Though if they'd bothered to find out, I have a good 8½ inches.

"So I went through the training, which took three weeks full-time and included slides, lectures, advice on diet, sexual exercises and positions. Finally, three gay men came in with the doc and me, and talked about their sex lives, sexual fantasies, what they liked and didn't like, and why they were at the clinic. Two of them were a long-time couple, one was a divorced man who had also divorced the closet.

"Those three were my first patients . . .

"The first session was with Jan, the older of the two partners: about 33. He was very handsome, more so than his younger mate, Karl, but he had a self-esteem problem that reflected itself in his dowdy appearance. He was clean and cute, but his posture was poor and he kept putting himself down. He thought he

. . . Dr. K. said the main qualifications were a healthy mind, sound body and a sense of humor about oneself and sex . . . Most of the clients were heterosexual . . . but they had two other gay surrogates . . . I went through the training and finally met my first patients: two men who were a long-time couple.



was a poor lover for Karl. He asked, 'How do I go about pleasing my man?' He said, 'You're American, you're probably expert on sex.' Which was funny, because I'd thought of Swedes as sex experts.

"Well, I taught Jan by doing. For one thing, he'd never masturbated in front of Karl. He was shy about that. It was the first mental block we worked on. I masturbated in front of him, which melted the barrier between us. Jan became less formal, more playful — Swedes tend to seem aloof or shy, but are very natural and fun-loving, underneath.

"Eventually, Jan was able to jerk off in front of me. By the third climax, which happened the first week, he was moaning and aiming that shaft right at me. The cum landed on my belly, and Jan surprised me by pushing me down on the mat and licking some of it off, very slowly. Then he sucked on me; Jan was already expert at oral sex, and most of what he and Karl did was oral sex — they're a monogamous couple.

"I taught Jan to do more with oral sex. Now, in their case, that couple didn't care for anal sex much, did it a few times a year. But while I was sucking on Jan, also tending to his balls inside my mouth, I palmed him between his scrotum and his asshole. Back and forth, rougher and on into his sphincter with my forefinger. He came while I had it in there, and I took him deep down in my throat.

"Jan had complained that he sometimes took too long to come and he felt Karl got tired, or his mouth did. But I showed Jan that with Karl's finger up his ass, gently probing, Jan could come just as soon as he liked, or prolong it.

"Like many Swedes, Jan wasn't that tactile, and even I'd learned something from Dr. K, who was half-Italian. Jan said he usually didn't feel aroused enough for sex in the morning; I lay on the mat with Jan in front of me, and with me as Karl, I stroked his balls, cupping them forcefully, then racing my fingertips against them, and after a few mutually pleasurable minutes, with my hard cock against his buns, I had Jan's balls high in their sac, and he was quite aroused.

"So I was going to go down on Jan again, but as he was aroused and feeling curious, he wanted me to screw him — for the first time. 'But not doggy-style, that hurts!' And not legs-over-shoulders, which he felt was only right with his life partner. Rather, we tried him sitting on my cock. That way he could control the rate of anal penetration, and once I was fully in, he could maneuver the act to his greatest pleasure. Besides which, again, like the finger up his ass, the insertion stimulated his love button, so there was certainly more pleasure than discomfort.

"Jan went home and tried these things with Karl. For some reason, masturbating in front of his mate was the most difficult. They did take up anal sex, with legs over shoulders and with one sitting on the other's cock, the way Jan and I did. And their sex life steadily improved. But once Jan could jerk off in front of Karl, some kind of release occurred. Last thing I heard — they sent me a letter — they were more sexually active and fulfilled than they had been since their early years together."

With the other partner, Karl, Brad had "sex of all kinds. Thing is, Karl didn't feel sexually inadequate, just a bit bored. And Jan hadn't want to go to a sex clinic alone, he said it would feel disloyal, like cheating. Since they were a couple of proven duration, they could both go to the clinic. So for Karl, what it really amounted to was an affair, with no guilt."

Karl later told Brad that his sex life with Jan had improved due to "the delicious outside variety I had from my primary relationship." Says Brad, "Straight or gay, every couple needs a bit of diversion — I mean, monogamy's a fine goal, but 100 percent is, well, a little abnormal. Not to mention drab!"

Brad's third patient was Hans, a recently divorced carpenter, 28 years old and a typical Scandinavian blond, with a muscular body and a thickly hung tool. "He'd never had a homosexual affair," says Brad incredulously, "and like me before the first time, he had some hang-ups. He didn't want to take on any kind of passive role, and he only came to the clinic after going to several gay bars, getting almost picked up — and once even went to a guy's home, but no dice — winding up both frustrated and guilty.

"Hans comes from a religious family, which is rather rare in Sweden. That induced much of the guilt, plus he was semi into the macho trip. So with him I had to start from scratch. First session, we stripped in front of each other. So far, so good —nudity's of course very common in Scandinavia. But Hans got to stare at me and I at him. He told me what he liked about my body; I did the same.

"'I like your tight, muscular buns,' I said. 'How do you feel about that, Hans?' 'I feel you want to fuck me when you say that,' answered Hans. 'Maybe not, maybe I just want to see your butthole, or even lick it. Would that be so bad?' I asked. He smiled but didn't answer.

"Then he said, 'I like your cock. It's uncircumcised and I haven't seen many of those.' I knew he wanted to play with the foreskin, move it up and down. But I couldn't hurry him. So that first session we talked, both got hard in the process, and at the end, unprompted, Hans kissed my on both cheeks — of my face — before leaving.

"Second session, Hans lay on his belly on the mat and I stroked his back and patted his buns, which were hard but receptive, even shuddery. I played pat-a-cake with his butt,

and for the first time, he laughed. Then I got him to spread his legs, and I stroked him in there, with my fingers. I'd have rimmed him if he'd asked, but he didn't.

"Then one of the exercises I'd been taught. Nude, we lay on the mat spoon-style, with Hans behind me, so he wouldn't feel apprehensive. He put his hand on my heart and felt the beat, and we were silent several minutes until his heartbeat synchronized itself with mine.

"On his own initiative, Hans reached down and grabbed my cock, getting it hard in a minute. The first time he'd touched another man's prick, he said at the end. He wouldn't suck it, but he played with it until I came near to climax. 'Do you want me to shoot off?' I asked. He said, 'Not yet. But I'd like to, in front of you now.'

"Can I play with yours?' I gently asked, wanting him to feel what I felt. He nodded, and lay back, and I gave him a hand-job, to climax. Apparently my client hadn't come in days, maybe over a week, because it was a violent and long orgasm, and he shot maybe a quarter-cup of hot jism in thick creamy strings. I knew he was deeply, violently loving it, but we didn't talk about it till we'd dressed and were sitting on a comfortable couch.

"'How did you feel about that?' I inquired in my most professional manner. Hans said it was the best climax he could remember, but he was slightly troubled that it hadn't been with a woman, though a woman had never made him feel so 'intense or wildly excited.' Eventually I worked out that it wasn't so much a guilt about homosexuality, which is not taught by the Swedish school system or media, unlike in America. What Hans had was a guilt — religiously induced — about self-pleasure. Onanism, so-called.

"So before we could have real sex, he had to masturbate me and I him, and at the third session I jerked him off twice, and he got me off once. Each time, of course, there was less guilt. He couldn't name any bad result of masturbation, and had to admit it was a solution for overpopulation, which is a real issue in Sweden, not to mention the rest of the world. The last step was for Hans to masturbate in front of me, which is tougher, psychologically, than being masturbated or masturbating someone.

"But he did it, grabbing my hair and shooting off onto my chest. That session, Hans was very masterful, almost rough. Compensating, you see. He asked to stroke my ass the way I'd stroked his, and then he spit on his finger and pushed it into me, fast and smooth. I asked how it felt and he said he'd like to substitute his cock for his finger. I said, 'Go for it!'

"But first Hans asked me to lube his cock by sucking on him a while. His virgin blow-job, which I found hard to believe. Anyway, as I expected, he came in my mouth, or throat, actually. And then he wanted to masturbate me — still didn't ask to blow me. So he took lots of time, even exceeding the session, and masturbated me. But whenever I almost came, he'd apply pressure and stop the climax — he was expert at that.

"Finally, in a swift, cat-like movement, he leapt down between my legs and began sucking my cock for all he was worth. Greedily, like a starved animal. I didn't hold out long, and shoved my cock down his throat. He gagged a little at first, then I held his head to my groin and Hans took it. Smoothly, swallowing it and licking his lips unsmilingly. I said nothing and neither did he. We just lay there, side by side. Finally, he did smile and half-jokingly asked, 'Got a cigarette?"

"From then on, we smashed one taboo after another. Hans did screw me — cautiously; you'd have thought *he* was the one hurting from that big thick nine-incher — not that it really hurt! He came, but he wasn't satisfied until the second screw, when he played with me a bit and I finished myself off. He'd wanted both of us to come. To him it was important, and he said the guilt had just about worn off.

"Of course the last taboo, the final step was another man — me — fucking Hans. Before that, we had to go through more exercises in self-and mutual-pleasuring, and Hans had a counseling session with Dr. K. At last, Hans asked me to fuck him, preparing him by his inserting two of his fingers into his asshole first, then two of mine, finally my prick, which — luckily for him — wasn't as thick as his monster.

"To his great surprise, and I'm sure relief, there was almost no pain after the first insertion. But once I was fully in, Hans insisted on controlling the act, and so I couldn't maneuver around in there to find his love button, as we called it. So Hans deprived himself of any real anal pleasure. The following session, he was supposed to let me screw him again, with *me* controlling the screwing.

"But there was no next time. Hans left the program, stating that he was beyond need of it. I wondered whether I'd done right by him, whether he'd really broken free of the closet. Then he receded into the back of my mind because, over the next few years, there were other patients — other men, other bodies, other minds. And I got very involved with them, even emotionally. Though I'm proud to say I didn't cross the professional line, never took a patient as a lover.

"Eventually, of course, I decided to leave surrogate-dom. It was very demanding, physically and emotionally. I returned to America to start a new life. A few months after landing my new job, I got a thank-you card from Hans. He's now a counsellor at a lesbian/gay centre in London!"

#24 (JULY/AUG. 1976)
Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblin, Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco, Patricia Nell Warren on "The Front Runner", La Jolla, coverman Bob Buck, plus Michael Walsh, Sal Guange.

#34 (MARCH/APRIL 1978)
The Ten Sexiest Men, Cary Grant, Cheap Trick, Gay Bars: A Slice of the Rainbow, Robert Redding, Seattle, Jack Kerouac Revisited, covermen Dan Jacobs and Steve Dougherty, plus Hal Paul, Raul Castillo.

#35 (MAY/JUNE 1978)
John Travolta, Henry Winkler, Andy Gibb, Houston, Charles Strout, Richard Adkins, Charles Adams, coverman Rod Davidson, plus Randy Blair, Scott Hampton.

#36 (JULY/AUG. 1978)
Keith Carradine, Gore Vidal, Gay Mythology, James Kirkwood, Hawaii, Village People, Come Out Come Out, coverman Michael Royce, plus Thom Amorelli, Mark White.

#37 (SEPT./OCT. 1978)
Robert Wagner, the Alessi Brothers, Disco New York, Norfolk, Leonardo da Vinci, Stockholm, Scott Forbes, Deney Terrio, coverman Pete Hollister, plus Ted Dukane, Juan Estiban.

#38 (NOV./DEC. 1978)
Robert Mitchum, Peter Brown, Wayne Quinn, Horatio Alger, Ryan Boyd, Michael Kearns, Gay Rodeo, London, coverman Jerry Dean, plus Kevin Coxe, Paul Stokes.

#39 (JAN./FEB. 1979)
Kris Kristofferson, Dublin, Caravaggio, West Hollywood, Face Care, Australian Footballers, Sylvester, coverman Bart O'Malley, plus Danny Melina, Mike Newman, Heinz Gobel.

#40 (MARCH/APRIL 1979)
Jon Voight, Journey, Gericault, Richard Roesner, Ibizia/Sitges, Denver, coverman Mark Harrington, plus Greg Alden, Tom Ellis.

#41 (MAY/JUNE 1979)
Ryan O'Neal, Sarah Dash, Sexiest Men: Our Readers' Choice, Ian Whitcomb, Hart Crane, Portland, Denver, Ray Caviano, coverman Jim Rogers, plus Nick Rodgers, John Dillon.

#42 (JULY/AUG. 1979)
Perry King Cole Porter, Larry Hart, Nephi, Keith Barrow, Australian Surf Lifeguards, Guy Corry, Cruising South to Atlanta, coverman Lloyd Lebow, plus Shaun Benson, Don Martell.

#49 (SEPT./OCT. 1980)
Natural Men, Triathlon in Hawaii, Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z, Skatt Brothers, Color Me Hung, James M. Barrie, coverman Rex Johnson, plus Chris Silberhorn, Todd Brocke.

#51 (JANUARY 1981)
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelifts for Men, Caring for Leather, Tom of Finland, coverman Jake Burnett, Brian Scott, Jeff Wells, Kevin Meurnier.

#55 (MAY 1981)
Casting Couch: Mr. Starr, Salute to Sailors, Gay & in the Navy, Evita auditions, Michel Serrault, Melville & Hawthorne, Tom of Finland, coverman Brad Davis, plus Adam Bludder, Steve Foster, Carl Flores.

#56 (JUNE 1981)
Psychic Predicts for Gay Rights, Strippers!, Vanessa Redgrave, The Daddy Mystique, "Happy Father's Day", Gay Parade Book, Our Heritage of Pride, Tom of Finland, coverman Joe Davis, plus Fred Halsted, Mark Ramsey, Tallulah the dog.

#67 (MAY 1982)
"La Dolce Vita" issue: Gay Paparazzi, How to Talk Dirty in Italian, Fellini's Men, Tribute to Lex Barker, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Romulus, plus Nando, Julio and Phil.

#72 (OCTOBER 1982)
Fantasy!: Steve Reeves — a photo tribute, When Gods Collide, Centaurs, Our Favorite Werewolves, "I Saw What You Did, Christina", Be My King Kong, Quiet Good Taste, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Apollo Benetti, plus Joe Porcelli, Bob Kidd, Ulysses Grant.

#81 (JULY 1983)
"Eat It!" issue: Candid surfer nudes, interviews with John James, Peter Barton, Victor Bumbalo & Jim Van Tyne, TV idols ("Goodnight, Rick Nelson . . . ") Gregg Strom's painted-on jeans, David Rostamo, "Lunch With Derrick," Tom of Finland, coverman Clark Wade, plus Clayton Collings, Kent Brandon, Walter Redd.

#82 (AUGUST 1983)
"Long Hot Summer" issue: Southern Gothic, A Summer Place (Provincetown, Fire Island, Russian River), Cruising Tulsa, An Afternoon With David Hockney, Playing With David Roche, How To Find a Gay Doctor — And Why, "Company Picnic," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Bill Henson, plus Bob Varner, Damian Pollitt, Bruce Bjorn.

#83 (SEPTEMBER 1983)
Back to School: Life in the Dorms, High School Jocks Grow Up, Ivy League Men, Gay Hazing Rituals, interview with the Mums, In Defense of Closet Queens, Rozz Williams, "Question of Judgement," Tom of Finland, coverman Steve Wilson, plus Felix Vega, Dustin Benson, David Ripley.

#84 (OCTOBER 1983)
Halloween Fantasy: Gay Horror Movies by Etienne, Satyrs by Mark O., Interview with Vampira, Adam Had'em, Halloween Costume Suggestions, "The Gateway," "Max," Strange de Jim & Leo Ford, Motorhead, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Jack Lantern, plus Jayson Montgomery, Eric Bryan, Cheyne Jenner.

#85 (NOVEMBER 1983)
Tenth Anniversary: A Decade of Covermen, Cumming Attractions (true sex experiences), A History of Gays in Comics, Interview with Tom of Finland, The Art of Sadao Hasegawa, Marc Almond, Black Randy, Poppers, coverman Joe Kool, plus Marc Chamberlain, J. Jay, Mike Kelly.

#86 (DECEMBER 1983)
Xmas in El Lay: "The Fantastic World of Steven Arnold, Hanging Out at the YMCA, interview with Robert Patrick, Black Randy, Henry Rollins, Poetry in Motion, "Morning, Noon, Night . . . and Morning," full color Tom of Finland, coverman Rick Donovan, plus Peter Barrie, Shawn Mayotte, Little Fox.

#87 (JANUARY 1984)
Winter Vacation: Australian Surf Lifeguards, Cruising the French Riviera, Cruising Mexico City, Cruising the Boys of Brazil (Sao Paulo) "Teenage Blackmail," Lotus Lame and the Lame Flames, Age of Consent, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Randy Page & Knut Bjorndal, plus Mike Saunders, Neal Faber.

#88 (FEBRUARY 1984)
Love For Sale: Interviews with a New York hustler, a Hollywood hustler, three London masseurs, and porn stars Ron Pearson and J. W. King; a Ron Pearson portfolio; "Selling It," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Gavin Burks, plus Scott Halen, Dwayne Dohring, Mike Smith.

#89 (MARCH 1984)
Spring Cleaning: The World's Tastiest Leftovers, a spectacular 13-page portfolio of photos and art; exclusive interview with Joe Dallesandro plus many rare photos, Cleaning Up After Sex, Soft Cell Lives!, "Signature Of Scars," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Wolf Kenter, plus Phillip Paris, Kevin Hughes, Mike Allen.

#90 (APRIL 1984)
Real Life: Wrestling as a Turn-On — a photo-tribute with text by Adore O'Hara, Confessions of a Male Nurse, Sex in Cigarette Advertising, 20 Reasons to Hate Heterosexuals, Charles Ludlam, "The Tower," Tom of Finland, coverman Aron, plus Scott, Delbert, Jade.

#91 (MAY 1984)
Nightlife: Underground cabaret in New York and Los Angeles, interviews with the Pyramid Club's Bobby Bradley, Allan Mace, Tanya Ransom & Brian Butterick, West Coast interviews with Michael Kearns, Weba Garretson, Donald Krieger & Phillip Littell, *Another State of Mind*, excerpt from Oscar Wilde's *Teleny*, paparazzi portfolio, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Marinho, plus, Robert Owens, Zeke, Richard Mason.

#92 (JUNE 1984)
4th Annual Beach Party Issue: Nude beach candids, How To Pick Up the Lifeguard, How To Stuff a Wild Bikini, "Beach Party Boy," The Old Swimmin' Hole, Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman David, plus Angel, Toby, Moondoggie.

#93 (JULY 1984)
Not The Official Magazine Of The Summer Olympics: a sports spectacular featuring a 4-page photo feature on athletes including special 1Greg Louganis, Steve Lundquist, Tim Daggett, the Russian water polo team and many others, an all-sports Touch & Go section featuring Buster Crabbe, Danny Bask's Workout, "Quick Print," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Cory, plus Harley, Anthony Scott, Danny Parks.

#95 (SEPTEMBER 1984)
Back To School Vs. Rock and Roll: The Sexiest Men in Rock, Part 2 (more than 60 photos of today's hottest rockers), interview with Black Flag's Henry Rollins, interview with Angie Bowie, Why Are You Gay, Why Johnny Can't Read, Test Your Q.Q., Tom of Finland, coverman Mike Meuller, plus "Sting," Kit Clark, Simon.

#96 (OCTOBER 1984)
Scarey Monsters: Halloween at IN TOUCH, Letters from Tokyo (featuring art by Sadao Hasegawa), Tattoo You (interview with Rick and Sue Spellman with many photos), Art by Leonard, "Stranger," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Kit Sizzle, plus Scott Roberts, Martel Logan, Alain Jordan.

#97 (NOVEMBER 1984)
11th Anniversary Issue: An illustrated history of gay magazines from the 1930's to the present, Harvey Kubernik interview plus a portfolio of new gay-themed poetry, The S.T.H. Interview, Our Readers' True Sex Experiences, "The Regal Circle," Tom of Finland, coverman Garard, plus Joe Nemo, Greg Vanzell, Shadow.

#98 (DECEMBER 1984)
Christmas With Our Friends: Tomata duPlenty interviews the Red Hot Chili Peppers — with eye-popping photos, interview with Christopher Makos, "All I Want For Christmas Is Mitch Gaylord" with Olympic athlete photos, "The Night Before Christmas," "Dear Santa," "Laguna Yule," Celebrity Christmas Lists (Hockney, Warhol, Ann Margret, dozens more), Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Julian Kay, plus Rex Donahue, Ralph Carrera.

#99 (JANUARY 1985)
Ticket to the Tropics: Carnival in Rio, a visit to Bahia, Breakfast in Tahiti, Dinner in Peru, Hawaii Triathlon, Roberta Close, "Blue Hawaii," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Matt Parker, plus Adam, Jim Bentley, Antoni.

#102 (MAY 1985)
European Tour: featuring the men of London, Paris, Marseille, Berlin, Rome, Mykonos, and more, with contributions by Tseng Kwong Chi, Brion Gysin, Keith Haring, Christopher Makos, John Anthony, John St. Clair, R. D. Rae and Sam Veta, "Matt Dillion's Shirt!," "Big Jack," "Beat Museum," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Magnin, plus Greg Rome, Mundo, Kurt, Norman Crane.

#103 (JUNE 1985)
Beach issue: Nude Beach Seen, P'town Visit, "Hangin' Ten," "Come—And Come Again," "Hung & Happy," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Kerry Lamb, plus Sum Yung Mahn, Sonny Clay, John Todd, Dale Ingram.

#104 (JULY 1985)
Fire Island, Poppers, "How Do You Spell Relief?," Tom of Finland, Bathing Suit History, Nude Beach Reseen, "A 4th to Remember," "Fireworks," "Forced Entry," Video Review: *Getting It*, coverman Fritz, plus Skipper, Martin Austin, Running Bear, Paul.

#105 (AUGUST 1985)
Rural issue: Old Time Religion, RFD Magzine, Heartland Words, Jimmy-Boy Goes to Town, Wild-Eyed Southern Boys, Mud Wrestling, Wet Jockeys Contest, Zarko Kalmic Photos, Baskets & Buns, Men Posing Nude, Erotic Film Fest., Ray Webster Tribute, Poppers, Tom of Finland, Coverman Buck, plus Chris Allen, Jim Franso, Adam Matthews, Marc Gray.

#106 (SEPTEMBER 1985)
Russian River Revealed; Leather Night in L.A.: Return of the Legends—Cassidy/Gillespie; Paul Cadmus Art; Curzon/Billings Interview; "Our Tutor"; "Coach Knows Best"; "Head Master"; Poppers, Tom of Finland; coverman Greg, plus Derek Reno, Robbie Christopher, Lito, Simon Wilder.

#107 (OCTOBER 1985)
40 Years of AMG, The Hell You Say, Art of Hasegawa, S&M for Beginners, Rose de Castro's Hallowe'en, Greek Streak, Uniformity, Feet-ure, "Secrets," "The Skateboard Kid," "Pier Grope," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Chris Lance, plus Michael Anthony, Bob Kisler, L. C., Ryan.

#108 (NOVEMBER 1985)
12th Anniversary Issue: 12 Years of Centerfolds, Streaking '74, Un Gout de Sel, The Mud Pack, Brazilian Beach Boys, Gay Days U.S.A., Hostages!, "Daddy's New Trick," "Going Home," "Model Man," Tom of Finland, Poppers, coverman Kyle Brittenson, plus Matt, Michael Jeffries, Jake Justice, Brandon Wilde.

#109 (DECEMBER 1985)
Christmas issue: Christmas Cards: "Men" Calendars '86; Hardons & Hearts; Straight to Hawaii; Absolute Abs; Video Reviews; *Rodeo, The Biggest . . .*; Poppers; Tom of Finland; "The Greatest Gift," "The Man Who Truly Loved Santa Claus," "Workout"; coverman Shawn Mayotte, plus Corey Somers, Steve Henson, Brandon John, Joe Gere.

#110 (JANUARY 1986)
Bronze Warriors of Riace, Life Marinates Art, Rubber Love, Bad Head: I've Had It, IN TOUCH '86 Calendar, A-Mazing Supermen '86, Bubble Butts, The Changing Scene, "Marine-Made Man," "First & Ten," "More Fun with Ben & Dane," Poppers, Tom of Finland, Coverman Steve Stone, plus Glenn Walker, Brian Diaz, Vaughn Chapps, Randy Rider.

#111 (FEBRUARY 1986)
Frat-House Lover; S.F.'s Gay Bodybuilders; Video Reviews: *Splash Shots, Night Flight;* "Art of Poetry" Heartthrobs; Costume Parade; "Wet Dream," "Little House," "Humpy Flight"; Poppers, Tom of Finland; Coverman Christopher Cody, plus Brandon Jules, Chuck Nichols, David Jet, Woody Colton.

#112 (MARCH 1986)
Castro Street Fair, Callaghan Portfolio, The Man Hunt, . . . And Where to Look; Video Reviews: *Greg Strom's Studio Work* & *Gayracula*, Badder Boys, Isola Di Fuoca, Beached, Tom of Fnland, Poppers, "Shannon's Leprechaun," "Road King," "Cruising the Caribbean," coverman Justin Rhodes, Matt Hawks, George Dorlini, Al Delphus, Marc Bennett.

#113 (APRIL 1986)
At Home with Chris Allen, Dan White Story Part I, Palladino Portfolio, Aussie Greeting Cards. Baddest Boys, Video Review: *Spring Training;* "Sharing," "Some Stars Never Shine," "Moon Over Mt. Magnolia," "Extra Gets Extra," Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Marco Pina, Denys Nosek, Tony Jeffries, Damon, Sergio Canali.

#115 (JUNE 1986)
The Champion Studio Story; Bagnato Portfolio; Five by Parker; Video Reviews, *Outpost & All the Right Boys;* "Breaking In," "Good Hunting," "Yes Sir!"; Tom of Finland, Poppers; Aspects of Perfection; coverman Peter Le Tool, John Ivey, Win, Bryan Rhoden, Dallas Porter.

#116 (JULY 1986)
San Francisco section: Oz Fights Back/Gay Games II/Nine S.F. Gay Hotels & Inns; Don Wallen Portfolio; Sea-Quences; Tan-Line Torsos; Video Reviews; *"Two Handfuls, Fleshdance;* "Hired Hands," "On-The-Job Training"; "The Right Hard Stuff"; Poppers, Tom of Finland, coverman Shawn Michaels, Randy Dixon, Bobbie Raley, Joey Ross, Damien Zinno.

#117 (AUGUST 1986)
Charles Ludlam Interview: Honolulu; Palm Spring Weekend; Many Moons; Seaside Sushi; Video Reviews: *Inch by Inch, Inevitable Love;* "Phone Sex," "Woodsmen, Don't Spare Those Boys!" "My Dad's Best Friend," "Max Demon's Act," Poppers, Tom of Finland, The Funny Pages, coverman Vince Reinhart, Todd Brock, Dennis Junor, Andy Bowe, bonus man Billy Chase.

#118 (SEPTEMBER 1986)
Thailand: Bangkok Days, Nights, Beyond Bangkok, Patrick Toner interview; Charles Moniz Portfolio, Video Reviews: *Aspen Part II, Mantalk;* "Bangkok Nights," "John & Me," "Hot August Night"; Poppers, Tom of Finland; Coverman Jim North, Damien Black, Burke Lawdon, Brett Simms, Monty Hermosa.

#119 (OCTOBER 1986)
Warlocks; Male Witches; Condom Mania!; Hanging Out at a Nude Beach; Europe's Bizarre Magazines; Poem, "A Visit to J's; "John Shown Collages; "Wrestling with Hallowe'en; "Confessions of an Exhibitionist"; Poppers; Tom of Finland; Video Review: *Black Sex Party;* Jerry Suter, Jim Brandal, Shane Erikson, Chad Johnson, Michael Cummings.

#120 (NOVEMBER 1986)
Gay Parades '86; L.A. Drummer Contest; Gay Erotic Film Awards II; S.F. Gay Comedians; Tom Jones Portfolio; Video Reviews: *Fuck Face, Spring Break;* "Summer Friends," "Heavenly Trade," "A Timeless Tale"; Poppers; Tom of Finland; coverman Kurt Bateman, Julian Sheppard, Ron Stevens, Billy Gentry, bonus man Doug Weston.

(DECEMBER 1986)
...ames II; Gay Cops—"Pigs in Paradise"; ...ing It Up; '87's Male Calendars; Tattoo Pictures; A Passion for Travel; Video Reviews: *"Good Men Go Bad, "Studstruck";* "Beach Bound," "A Christmas Story," "T.L.C.: Nurse's Report"; Letters to Mom; Poppers; Tom of Finland; coverman Bill Murphy, Brett Thompson, Ivan Duncan, Michael Wells, bonus man Todd Vonner.

#122 (JANUARY 1987)
Gay Games II, Part 2; Calamus, Walt Whitman; Mr. Windy City Contest; Name That Thing; Super Men '87; The Ultimate Surfer; Collage by Bing; "The Case of the Blond Hunk," "Door-to-Door Seaman," "Bikers;" Poppers; Tom of Finland; Video Review: *Barry & Tico Pose;* coverman Glenn Daniels, Rod Garetrto, Cory Monroe, Cory Baker, bonus man Buck Stevens.

#123 (FEBRUARY 1987)
Meese Editorial; Well-Hung Hollywood; Sex Questionnaire; Editor's Choice of Pictures; Venice, U.S.A.; Glutes; Surfside Studio Portfolio; "Summer Lion," "Daddy, Gramps & Me," "Never Too Old;" Poppers; Tom of Finland; coverman Ricky Rhodes, Troy X., Bobby Reich, Damian Taft, bonus man Ted Andreatta.

#124 (MARCH 1987)
Arabian Knights; Hollowe'en '86; Up Yours; Pioneer Days; Muscle Men Line Up; Video Reviews; *Matt Sterling Retrospective, Muscle Fever, Bigger Than Life, Freshmen;* Will Wright Portfolio, "A Corporate Affair," "Beware," "Teacher's Pets;" Tom of Finland; coverman Angelo Ricci, Robert Bank, Clark Douglas, Tony Mason, bonus man Paul.

I.T. BACK ISSUES

#125 (APRIL 1987)
Homes Away From Home; Mardi Gras; Best of Gay Reading '86; Norbert, Germany's best; Video Reviews: *Voyeurs, Tall Tales;* "Pickup on Rte. 72," "Lovin' Touch," "Going Down Under," coverman Christopher Mann, Rex Moore, Cliff Austin, Keith Jackson, bonus man Joe Bizelia.

#126 (MAY 1987)
Brett Brown Interview; John Ivey Covered, Bing's Things; Ibiza; Carolina Cuties; Tube Shots — How to Photoghraph TV Scenes; "Alabamy Bound," "The First Time," "Good Neighbors;" Video Reviews: *Sticky Business, All Hands on Dick;* coverman Guy Garrettson, Mark Steel, Torey Bell, Craig Andrews, bonus man Ernie Mena.

#127 (JUNE 1987)
Zolton, Portrait of a Stripper; Sex Styles of Rich & Famous; Pissed Off!; Rafts of Men; Gay Pride Review; P-Town Strolls; Myrtle's Men; Video Reviews: *Rock Hard, Simply Men;* "The Baby Sitter", "Down Rebel's Alley," "Too Hard to Resist;" Tom of Finland, Converman Brian Elliott, Ian Quinn, Reece Dancer, Marc Kinbar, Bonus man Ronin.

#128 (JULY 1987)
All About Cecil; Salmon Spawning in Georgia; Gay Pride Guys; Working Out In Venice; Built! Construction Workers; Jerry Mills' Washington March Art; Poetry by Michael Mallett; Tom of Finland; "And So To Bed," "Conduct Unbecoming," "Le Berdache Blanc;" Video Reviews: *In Hot Pursuit, Frank Vickers #1, Classmates;* Coverman Rick Himmel, Culver Jacobsen, Mitch Beck, Bugler McCullom, Bonus man Chuck Dixon.

#129 (AUGUST 1987)
King Daddy — Richard Locke Interview; Help! Aussie Men; Ropin' 'N' Ridin', L.A. Gay Rodeo III; Sex-Rated Stars; Dancin'; Delts, Lats & Traps; Video Reviews: *Hard Men — No Strings Attached, Wrestling Studs;* "The Struggle," "Peeping Toms," "The Flasher;" Poppers; Tom of Finland; Coverman Drew Hanson, Centerfold Eddie Valli, Ted Dowell, Arnie, Kurt Rabbit.

#131 (OCTOBER 1987)
Safe Sex Is Great Sex; Witchcraft Reconsidered; The Falcon Studio Story; Why Oh Why Oh Why Oh — Ohio Dancers; Masquerade; My Faire Laddies; Tom of Finland; Poppers; "The Best Man," "Roomies," "Bend Over, Buster;" Coverman David Burrill, Sean-Williams, Billy London, Shane Cole, Marcos Santereli.

#132 (NOVEMBER 1987)
The Pasqua Follies; Sexiest Man SexQuestionnaire Results; Gay Parades '87; Nothing Could Be Finer; It's Always Fair Weather; "Victor," "Hot Saturday Morning," "Dunk Shots;" Poppers; Tom of Finland; Coverman Christopher Brock, Jack Bridges, Sky, Jarrel James, bonus man Bryan Bender.

#133 (DECEMBER 1987)
Quentin Crisp Interview; Xmas Gift Suggestions; Santa Baby; SexQuestionnaire Results Part 2; NY Gay Parade; Cal Culver Tribute; Lifeguard cartoon story; Butt, My Dear; "His Own Kind," "The Big Ripoff," "Continued Red;" Poppers; Tom of Finland; Coverman Johnny Dovatti, Rusty Knight, Brent Adams, Clifton, Dolph Jensen.

#134 (JANUARY 1988)
SexQuest Results 3; Right to the Heart, Michael Prouty's art; Durable Power of Attorney; Zoltan Exercises — Walk Like a God; Hotlanta!; The Funny Pages Part 2; Fun Places; "Tonga the Magnificent," "Cave In!" "The 101 Speedos;" Coverman Klaus Stoemer, Michael Britten, Earl Hadley, Brad Weston, bonus man Carlos de Barde.

#135 (FEBRUARY 1988)
Valentine Fun; Oh, Howie Rambles; Now I Lay Me, The Hollywood Casting Couch; Sexquestionnaire Pt. 4; Seeing Is Not Believing, Teen-Age Bodybuilders; Memorably Mitch Gaylord; "Heat Wave," "Reunion," "Private Practice"; Tom of Finland; Coverman Ken, Doug Schmidt, Todd Thorsen, Gene Le Dont, Tony Marinos.

#136 (MARCH 1988)
Sexquest Results Pt. 5; The March on Washington; Apollo Al Fresco; Body Shaving; Horsing Around at the Movies; "Pick Up Trick," "My Midnight Lover," "Masquerade"; Eyes Right, Gay Parade Photos; Poppers; Tom of Finland; Coverman Ken Atkins, Randy Stevens, Scott Sampson, Vladimir Correa, Timo Takahashi.

#137 (APRIL 1988)
SexQuest Results 6; Best of Gay Reading '87; If It's London; Hallowe'en in W. Hollywood; Hawaii pictorial; "Case of the Battered Nightingale," "Animals," "Welcome Stranger"; Poppers, Tom of Finland, Coverman Joe Reeve, Ryen Anders, Bosley Ernst, Seville Manly, bonus man Rusty Thomas.

#138 (MAY 1988)
SexQuest Results Pt. 7; Fantasies; Seeing Sydney; The Ultimate Test, Triathlon; Taken Unawares; L.A. Scene; Tom of Finland; "Shooting Star," "A Choice," "Salsa!"; Coverman Kurt Lunz, Dany Brown, Kevin Glover, Curtis Walker, Timmy Albani.

#139 (JUNE 1988)
The Gay Old Days; Provincetown Capers; Gay Pride Review; New Zealand Sees Stars: Tim Kramer, Leo Ford & Jim Bentley; Mardi Gras '88; "The Last Time I Saw Paris," "Supermarket Sex," "Working Stiffs"; Coverman Seth, Daniel Davis, Mark Warner, Jimmy Tate, Christopher Royce.

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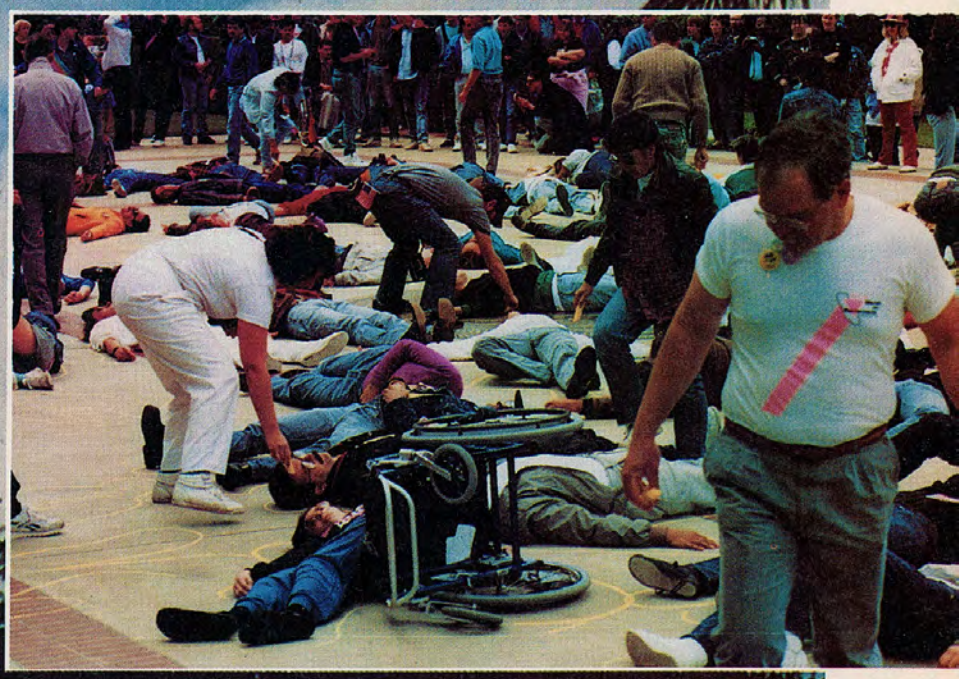
TAKING

A California Sequel

On May 7th of this year thousands of activist gay men and women converged on California's state captiol, Sacramento, to let their legislators know that we want our civil rights and an all-out war on AIDS. Although it was a rainy weekend, the spirit of the demonstrators was tremendous. Among those who made the trek, were

SACRAMENTO

to the March on Washington



photos by Wes Allen

members of ACT-Up, an activist group that believes in confronting the "ins" in order to get them moving. The most emotional part of the march was the Die-In on the steps of the Capital Building. After the outline of someone who had died of AIDS was chalked on the sidewalk, his name was written inside.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

fiction by Jason Fury

When my sister Mandy died last year, she left behind a mountain of debts — and her 19-year-old son, Johnny.

Selling her house paid off her creditors but with nothing left over. That left Johnny homeless and broke. He'd never had many friends and, other than me, no other relatives. Although he would be entering the U.S. Marines that fall, he was living around Miami, first in cheap hotels, then when his money ran out, mostly in his car when I arrived for the funeral.

Perhaps I should have felt sorry for him: I had just moved into a beautiful condominium on the North Carolina coast, I had lots of room. Some probably wondered why I hadn't rushed to invite him to stay with me for the three months before his military career was to begin. There was ample reason: few nephews hated their uncles as much as Johnny hated me.

A brutal father had left Johnny with many emotional scars. He was already in trouble with the law before he got into his teens and had spent time since then in several reform schools. His experiences there had turned him off on sex. He let me know in no uncertain terms that nobody in the reform schools had gotten into his ass even though a lot of guys had tried.

He absolutely loathed me because I was gay and made no attempt to hide it or apologize for it. My sister was never bothered by my openness. In fact, she enjoyed going with me on my visits to some of the Miami gay bars and parties. I didn't go around proclaiming: "Hey, look at me, the Gay Guy!" I just acted natural — and for some, especially Johnny, that was too much.

The last time I had seen him, Johnny was five years younger. He had looked hideous. Tall, skinny, his face was inflamed with an acute case of acne. He hated anyone who looked good — and since I was a part-time and popular fashion model in North Carolina, I had to look my best at all times. Most people considered me unusually striking because my five-foot-ten body was always kept in top condition. Cameras seemed to adore my golden curls, blue eyes and white skin. A career as an interior designer gave me a better-than-average income.

I once asked Johnny if he would join me and his mother for supper at a restaurant. He sneered, "With you? No way!"

"Come on, Johnny," I taunted him, "I won't bite."

"You won't bite but you'll sure try getting into my pants!"

"Oh, my God, I'm not that desperate!"

Obviously, he had brooded about my last remark during that whole visit for just before I left, he burst into my bedroom "You keep that faggot ass of yours out of here from now on! We don't want any fucking queers like you around us! You make me sick, you — "

He screamed more obscenities until I slapped him hard. He pushed me violently against the wall and picked up a lamp to hit me with just as his mother flew in and separated us. I vowed I would never have anything to do with him again and I never once returned to visit my sister — until the funeral.

Death, however, dulls all hatreds, I think, and as I studied the thin features of my sister in her coffin, I wondered about Johnny. I hadn't seen him since arriving that afternoon. Several people told me of his homeless plight.

Against the wall, alone, leaned a handsome young man. He smoked a cigarette while staring moodily at the floor. Tall, broad-shouldered, a thatch of thick black hair made his blue eyes startling in their lustre.

"Excuse me," I said to him, "would you know where I can find Johnny Thomas? I'm his uncle."

Blinking his eyes slowly, he nodded his head. "Hi, unc. You're looking at him. Surprised, eh?"

I wasn't surprised — I was astonished at the transformation of an ugly scarecrow into this magnificent-looking hunk. I know people can change in five years. But from that to *this*? When I expressed my stupefaction, he shrugged as if it were nothing. He had found a good coach at school who had worked with him on his diet, his body, and he had worked out daily at the YMCA weight room for three years after school.

His face still bore the scars of acute acne —but instead of detracting from his appearance, the slight flush gave him a hot, sensual quality, especially when coupled with the startling color of those lake-colored eyes that were studying me from between jet black lashes.

"I'm glad you showed up," he said quietly. "I gave you a really hard time and made life hell for Mama over you. I've gotten a little more mature since then."

There was so much hurt, confusion and innocence in his eyes, I began softening towards him, and — let's be honest — he was one hell of a great looking hunk. "Johnny, you're my only relative in the world now. You and me. That's it. Let's try to stick together. That's what families are for."

Caught up in the emotion of the occasion, I blurted out an invitation for him to visit me. He blushed, hemmed, hawed and said he would think about it. That made me uneasy. Why would he have to wonder — if he had no place to live? Even when he called me the next day to accept the invitation, he still sounded anything but eager.

My nervousness increased when I met him at the airport the following week. Physically, he caused heads to turn. A white shirt was unbuttoned halfway down his brawny chest. Sleeves were rolled up above biceps that bulged like baseballs. Black hair curled above dark glasses. A curvaceous rear-end and a well-packed crotch were encased in tight denim.

In the car, he chain smoked, looked flushed, nervous, sweaty and to my attempts to make conversation, he muttered: Yeah . . . naw . . . couldn't say . . . yeah? . . . yeah? . . . "

For a week I had worked to provide him with a spectacular bedroom: microwave for snacks, mini-fridge, a huge color t.v. with cable, a VCR and stack of the latest actiorf movies. Johnny said nothing as he looked around, sighed and stared at the floor.

Finally, I snapped at him, "Okay, Johnny, out with it. What's bugging you? I thought we had matured some over the years. Is it the age-old problem of my being queer?"

He ground his cigarette out and took off his glasses. "Okay, I'll be frank. Hope this doesn't hurt — "

"Knock off the bull shit and get on with it."

"I figure that when a fag . . . gay guy invites another dude to stay with him, he expects

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something in return. I should have made it clear before I came down here, I ain't giving you nothing like that. I'm straight. I — "

I felt as if I had been slapped — not only on the outside but on the inside too. My expression must have startled Johnny for he abruptly stopped talking.

"I invite people I like here, Johnny. No one's ever forced to do anything they don't want to do. Your fucking body doesn't interest me. I see better on the beach every day!"

Before turning to leave, I added, "By the way, hot stuff, don't bother to unpack. Right after I feed you I'm taking you straight back to the airport, you son-of-a-bitch!"

In the kitchen, I stood by the sink, going through the motions of washing the vegetables I had planned to serve that night. I really didn't know what I was doing and I couldn't stop those damnable tears from running down my face. Suddenly, a big hand gripped my shoulder.

"You're right," he said quietly, "I am a son-of-a-bitch. I fucked up Mama's life and everything else I've touched. I'm sorry for what I said back there. Won't you just turn around and look at me?"

His hands forced me to turn and face him. I stared at his chest and thought about how glossy the light covering of hair was. "If — if I let you use my body," he said, "would that make things okay?"

His thought processes amazed me and I shouted, "For God's sake, Johnny! Is that all you think we gay men do all the time? You don't think about sex twenty-four hours a day do you?"

He nodded his head so solemnly that I had to laugh. But he sighed and looked out the window. I heard him muttering, as if to himself, "I fuck everything up. I'm just a disease. The cops and my old man told me that. Just a disease. They were right."

With his shoulders hunched like that, I realized that despite his new muscles and hairdo and dark glasses, he was still immature in many ways. And his attitude toward gays wasn't just aimed toward me, but to all homosexuals. I wanted to change that.

I went over to him and gripped his big arm. "Look, disease, there is something you can do."

"You wanna do it right here — in the kitchen?" he mocked.

I smacked his shoulder hard. "No, you asshole. Get into your bathing suit and go out for a swim. I've got to fix supper for us. There's cold beer in the ice box."

His smile was warm and tremulous when he looked at me and hugged me briefly. "Thanks. You're okay."

"Be careful, Johnny. I might try something. You know how us fags are." He looked at me, startled, and then laughed.

Watching him frolic in the waves of the Atlantic just outside my patio, I was startled at his muscular torso. He was such a big and powerful guy! If only he had the maturity to go along with it.

That night he informed me that he wasn't just going to sit on his can for three months, mooching off me. So he found a job that week on a construction site. At the end of the first day he came dragging into the kitchen, drenched in dirty sweat, khaki shorts hanging loose and a strip of green rag tied around his black curls. His big muscles glowed scarlet from too much sun. He sure looked good to me — but no!

"Christ, I feel like I've been in a microwave all day," he moaned.

"Take a shower, Johnny, get a beer and I'll give you a rubdown with Noxema to take the sting out of that sunburn."

"O.K., but no funny stuff!" he said — with a grin, I was happy to note.

In a few minutes he called me into his room. He made a luscious sight stretched out on his stomach on the bad, his untanned buns thrusting upward invitingly. "Get a hold of yourself!" I said to myself. Although his face was pinched in pain, his mouth fell open in enjoyment as I began spreading the cooling salve over his scarlet shoulders.

"Wow! That feels better than cumming!" he muttered. His skin felt like satin beneath my fingers and he continued to groan his pleasure as the sting of sunburn left. "You could do that all night," he sighed, "and I wouldn't mind."

"You do mean my spreading on the cream, don't you? I inquired.

"Hey man, get your mind out of the gutter!"

"What gutter? This is a feast for a gay man! And all I can do is look at it! But don't worry, I'm not going to touch your ass!"

"Touch anything you want to — just rub in that Noxema."

"I'm gonna stick your dick smack inside that jar and that'll get a rise out of you."

"Cut it out, will ya?" he grinned . . . but quickly draped a towel over his inviting ass. "Get on with the rubbing."

"What the hell," I thought and jerked the towel off those white buttocks — smooth, boyish — bunched together so tightly they were like oblong loaves of bread dough. I smacked them.

"Johnny, loosen up! I wouldn't stick my finger in that crack for anything in the world." He snickered and obeyed and the minute he did, I slapped a big dab of Noxema right on top of his asshole. He whooped, glared at me but then began to groove as I massaged the ointment deep into the cleft and around on the cheeks.

"You've got a fabulous ass, Johnny."

"You really think so? How does it compare to the other guys you've — uh — balled with?"

"Johnny — you've got a great future behind you."

He puzzled over that for a second before finally laughing.

"Hey, pretty good. I could probably sell it and make a fortune."

"Let's don't get carried away." I pushed his thighs wider as my hands moved down into his upper, inner, thighs. I had never seen his genitals. Like the rest of his body, they were beautiful. His prick was trimmed, with a pink, bullet-shaped head. As I rubbed his balls, I watched in fascination as his organ began to slowly expand, turning a darker pink. From the urethra, a thick strand of clear lubricant

began to trickle out.

My nephew was squirming a little now. When my fingers touched the semi-erection, the whiteness of his ass suddenly turned a rosy pink - he was blushing! He suddenly raised himself on his elbows. "Say, unc, that was real nice but I think I'll rest up awhile before supper."

He watched me leave. Outside his door, I paused and soon heard the springs of his bed begin to creak. Finally came that low grunt and, seconds later, the flushing of the toilet.

But after that his evening rubdown became a ritual that he eagerly looked forward too —but he always carefully covered up his genitals when I rubbed the soothing cream into his magnificent front side, just giving me a teasing glimpse as he positioned the towel provocatively across his groin.

As the days passed, we began to relax with each other. He could be moody, sullen, quirky, impatient but a powerful charm could easily smooth over those shortcomings. We spent most evenings at home, just talking and getting to know one another.

And I never tired of watching his body — the way even the slightest movement would cause his muscles to dance in an interlocking pattern — from his billowing pectorals, biceps, shoulders, stomach and thighs. I could now even run a hand along an arm or a shoulder in affection and he wouldn't jump as if he'd been shot.

Homosexuality was still something he couldn't understand — but he no longer put me down for it. In fact, he became fascinated by my whole world although he expressed no desire to belong to it. When I had friends over he would excuse himself and go out or spend the evening in his room.

"See that guy's rear-end? *That's* his fortune! He could walk into any gay bar anywhere in the world and be picked up in a flash because of the gorgeous derriere." Or, "Dig the big muscle man posing on his towel. He's got the muscles but he looks so arrogant, conceited and artificial, nobody would go near him. You know he'd reject you."

Johnny listened to my comments and laughed. His sunburn had turned gradually into a luscious bronze that made him a standout on the sands. I would watch men stroll by slowly, glancing at us both, then pass again several times, but now with eyes only for Johnny. I would later tell him that he was being cruised. Johnny would blush, snort and say he couldn't believe any man would find him attractive.

"Many do, Johnny. You've got more than a great-looking body. You've also got that charm and that macho toughness. Gay men like to feel protected. With you around, they feel very secure."

I know I certainly did. As Johnny and I became closer, he grew very protective of me and when we went anywhere together, he treated me like a woman — helping me out of the car, carrying heavy boxes of groceries, checking the windows and doors at night before going to bed.

When we'd go to some of the live rock or jazz concerts on the pier, he'd stay close by me, keeping a hand on my elbow or at the small of my back. Once a fat redneck came up to me and blubbered, "You look real cute, honey. How's about us — ?"

His words were cut off when Johnny shoved him violently against a wall. He would have done more but I got him out of there fast. It gave me a good feeling — to know someone had become that close to me . . . a man who had formerly loathed everything about me.

We had had several beers one Friday night. Sitting on the patio, Johnny delighted in the big Italian feed I had made for us. And since both of us were off until Monday morning, it was fun getting mellow on beer and Margaritas.

He had stripped off his shirt and now posed as a muscleman. "I can pick up any fucking thing around here. Just show me something I can't pick up," he boasted — and I realized he was still only nineteen years old. Johnny bunched up his biceps, his pectorals, and made his stomach muscles dance like an accordion.

It did feel comforting and formidable.

Later that night, I awoke with a start. Wind pushed against the house. There was the unmistakable sound of something scratching at the garage door. Within seconds, I was running down the hall into Johnny's bedroom. He lay on his back, naked, sleeping soundly. As always, even in this moment of stress, I was struck by his beauty. Shaking his shoulder, I finally wakened him and told him of the noise. Stark naked, he jumped from his bed, grabbed a baseball bat and was tip-toeing down the hall, with me behind him. Motioning me to stay back, he yanked open the door leading into the garage.

Johnny glanced back at me and snorted, pointing out our "burglar." It was old Sparky, a mongrel dog who was always sniffing around for food.

Laughing, my nephew put his arm around my shoulder and squeezed me to him. "There's your burglar, you scaredy-cat." His face became more somber when he felt my

Against the wall leaned a handsome young man. He stared moodily. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a thatch of thick black hair that made his blue eyes startling in their lustre.

"You couldn't even pick *me* up," I teased him, "you ninety-pound weakling." Grinning wickedly, he easily grabbed me and with no difficulty at all, picked me up and raised me over his head. I laughed my protest as he whirled me around until I was dizzy. When he put me down, I had to grab him to keep from falling. Both of us were laughing. Suddenly, I became aware my face was resting on his chest — and my hands were gripping his shoulders.

He watched me steadily the rest of that evening. In his eyes was a warm glow that had not been there before. Around midnight he was nodding in his chair. I went up behind him and bent down to hug him. "Time for beddy-bye, Johnny."

He smiled when I kissed him lightly on the cheek.

Several burglaries and muggings around our isolated portion of the beach were making me increasingly nervous. When I kept repeating my fear to Johnny, he put an arm around my shoulders and whispered in my ear, "Listen, unc, I done tole you a dozen times I won't let anybody break in or hurt you. I'll bust a few skulls if they try hanging around here. You're safe with Johnny around. Feel that. With a muscle like that, I'd break their fucking necks."

I ran my hand over the smooth, hard biceps. violent trembling — a reaction that always sets in when I'm really frightened.

"You really are scared, aren't you?" he asked.

I nodded and he pulled me tighter against him. "Would you feel better if you slept with me?"

"Could I?"

"Sure," he smiled, "but if you try anything, I'll crown you with this baseball bat."

"Not even one little blow job, Johnny?"

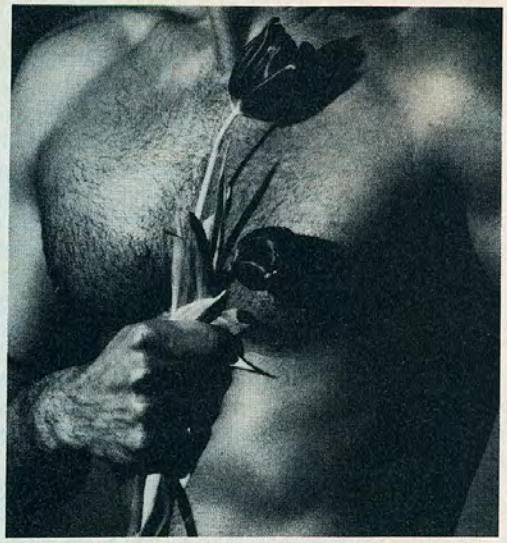
"No, not even a free feel. Come on," he said, grinning, "I'm freezing my butt off out here."

And since he was bareass, I could stare at it and think that in just a little while I'd be curled up right next to that beautiful set of buns.

His bed was still warm when I slipped between the sheets as Johnny rechecked all the windows and doors. When he got in beside me I immediately felt his body heat and then his breath on my face when he asked, "Everything okay now? You aren't scared anymore?"

"Not with you, Mr. Muscles, right next to me."

Although Johnny was soon asleep, an hour passed and I was still wide awake. Who could sleep with a naked beauty like Johnny lying close to him — with his bare back and backside turned toward him, just inches away? Would he throw me out if I wrapped an arm



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around his chest? Instead, I moved closer and could smell his scent — clean skin, tinged with a faint musky odor.

I was in heaven when he turned over in his sleep and put one of his arms across my chest. We lay that way for I don't know how long, me afraid to move, experiencing a feeling of love unlike any I'd ever known before.

I did finally sleep, for I was awakened by Johnny shaking me,

"Wake up, up, you clown. It's nearly ten." He slipped out of bed and tried to hide his teen-ager piss-swollen morning hardon as he started for the bathroom."

"You trying to hide something from me, meat-head?" I demanded.

He turned and let his tongue loll and his eyes roll like an idiot while he flapped his beautiful erection at me.

"I gotta take a piss. You wanna come and see?"

"Can I really, Johnny? Oh, boy, what fun!" I jumped out of bed and followed him.

Trying to look disgusted, he went into the bathroom with a shake of his head. He stood above the commode and wrapped a hand around his swollen cock. As he began to piss, I asked, "Johnny, let me hold it for you. You need help with that big thing."

"Wow, you want everything today don't you?" he laughed in good-natured disbelief. "First I let you sleep with me, and now — "

"But Johnny, you've got to admit. I didn't try anything all last night. I kept my dirty little hands to myself."

"Yeah," he admitted, "you're right." With a long sigh, he closed his eyes and muttered, "Okay, go ahead. But just hold it, don't try any fancy tricks!"

I put my hand around the bloated prick. Warm, smooth, jetting hot piss out at a steady rate. Johnny had his hands on his hips, his head thrown back and his eyes closed.

As the piss began to slow down, then to trickle, I began to milk the tip for more drops. Even after the fluid had stopped, my hand still made milking movements on the upper portion of the shaft. Johnny said nothing as my hand now began to slide firmly up and down the hardening cock. It had puffed up even harder and was now standing straight up as I continued my relentless jerking.

I felt his breathing quicken, saw his lips part slightly as from the urethra a bubble of prick syrup appeared. My fingers rubbed the edges of the glans and massaged the inner lips of his slit. Johnny began to gasp now, bending slightly, shaking, and suddenly a stream of thick white sperm squirted out into the basin.

"Uh, uh, uh!" he groaned with each pulsation. I could feel his penis contracting and releasing the abundant ejaculation and smaller squirts that splashed into the water. When he finished, he rolled his eyes and exclaimed, "Wow! You got your money's worth. You didn't just see me take a piss, you saw me blow a big wad!"

"Do you hate me, Johnny, I couldn't help myself. You know I really like you and just wanted to give you pleasure."

He was turning the shower on and looked at

(continued on page 68)

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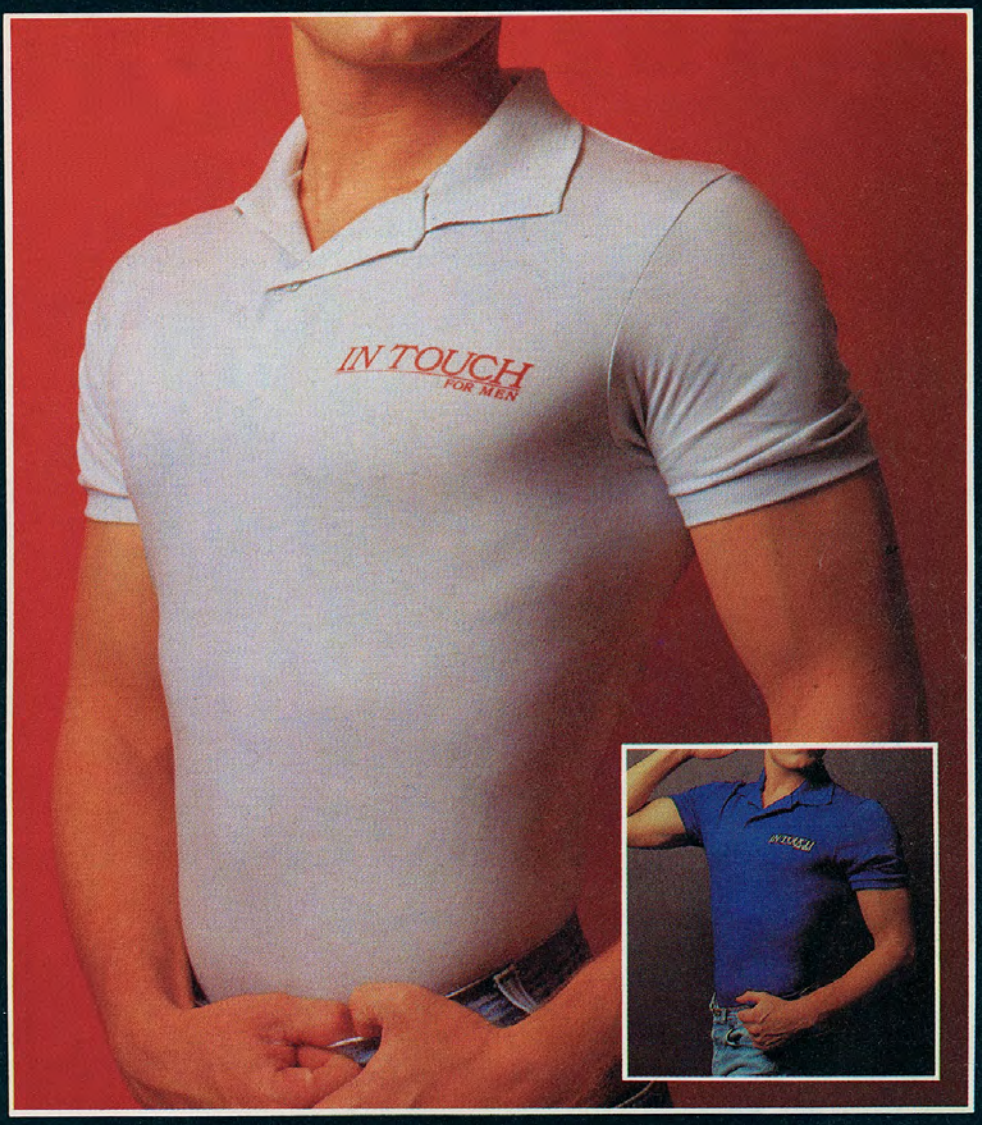

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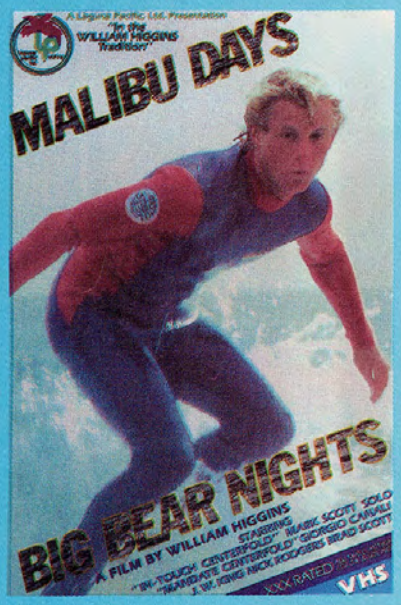

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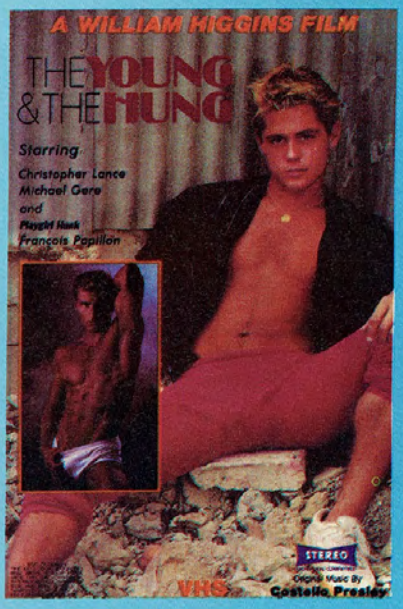

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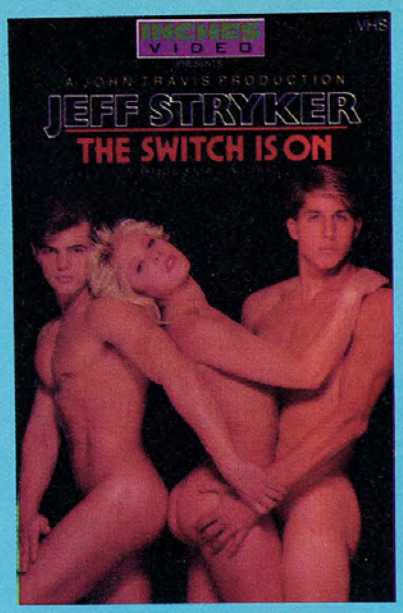

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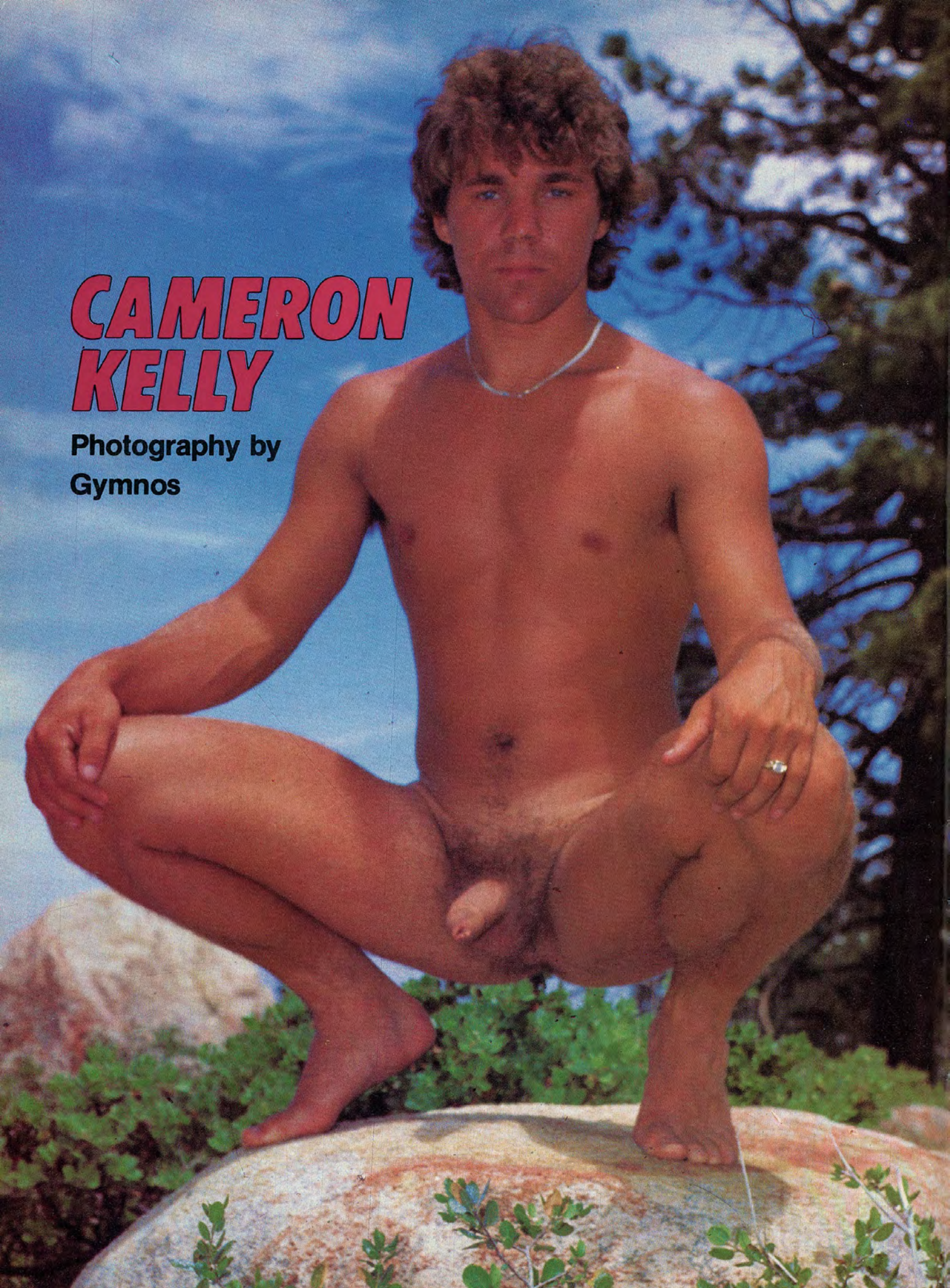
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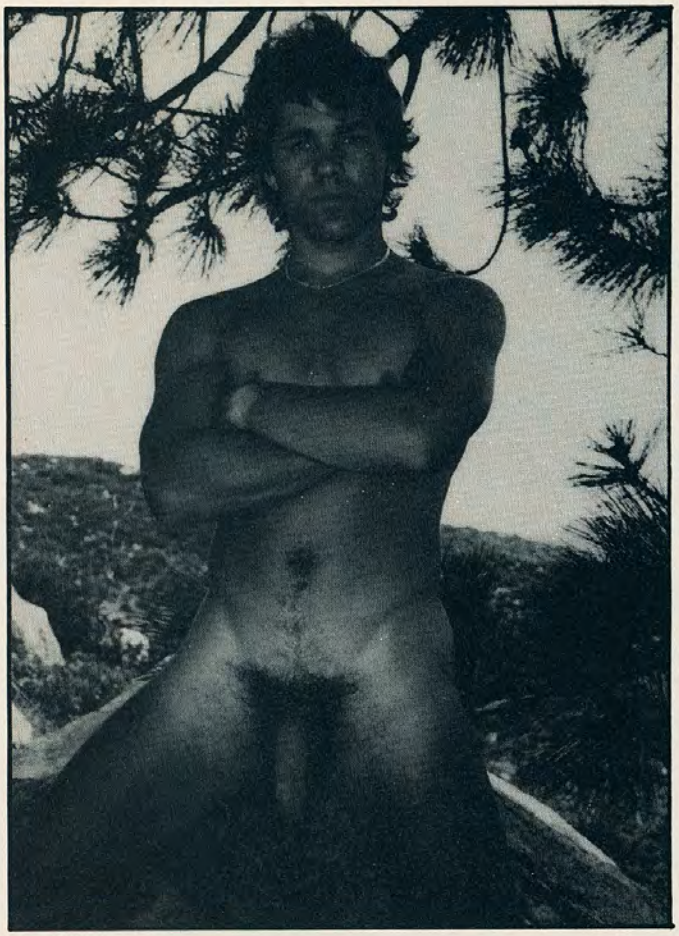

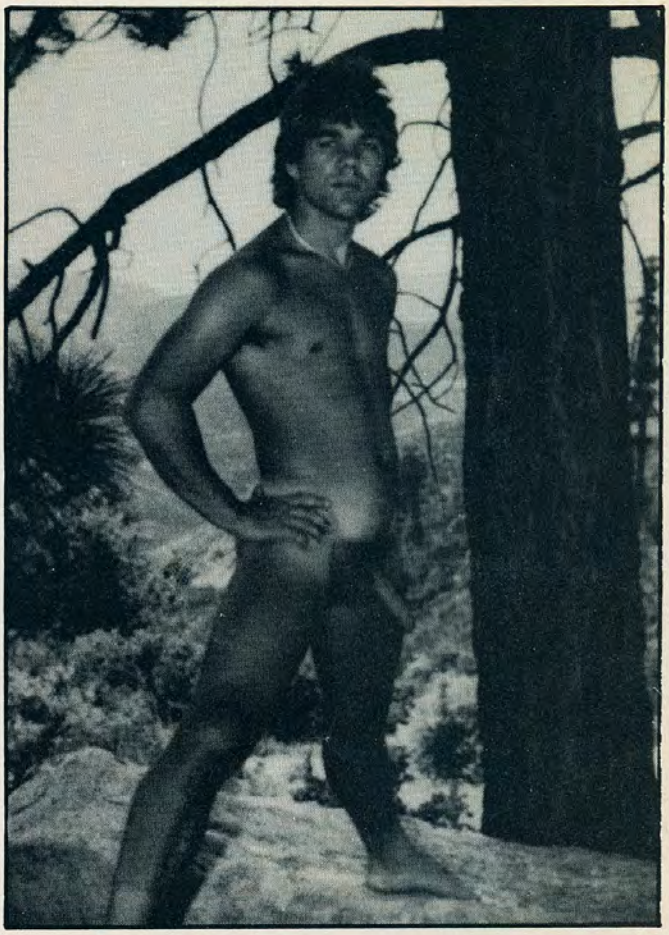

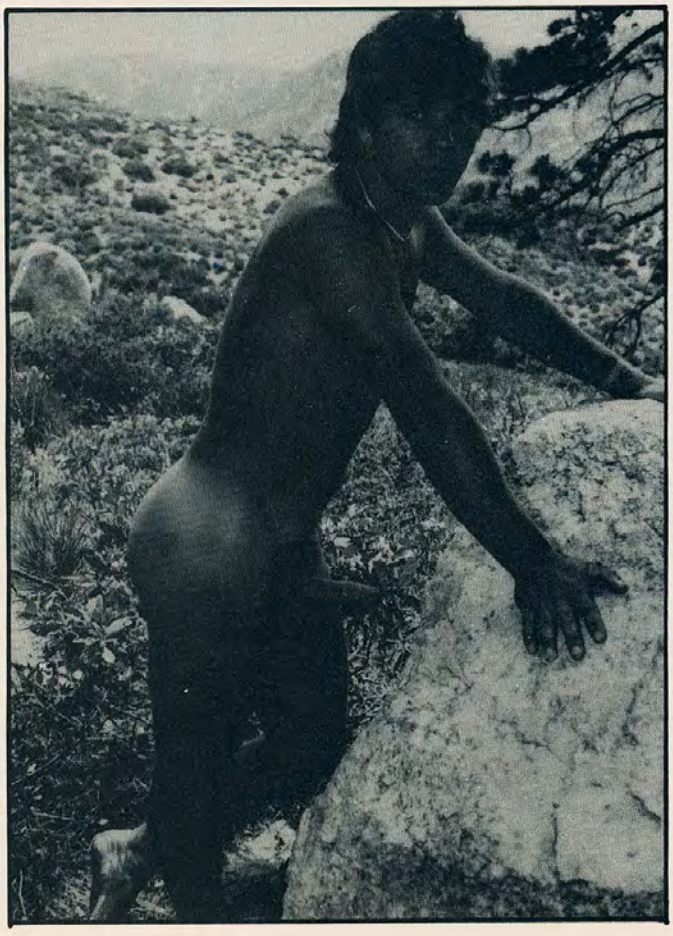

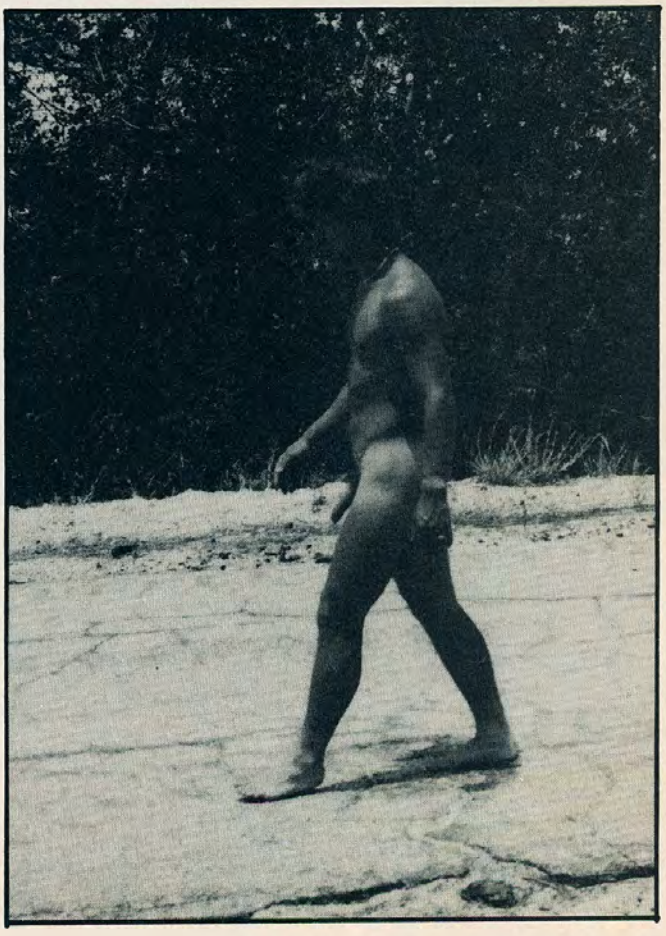

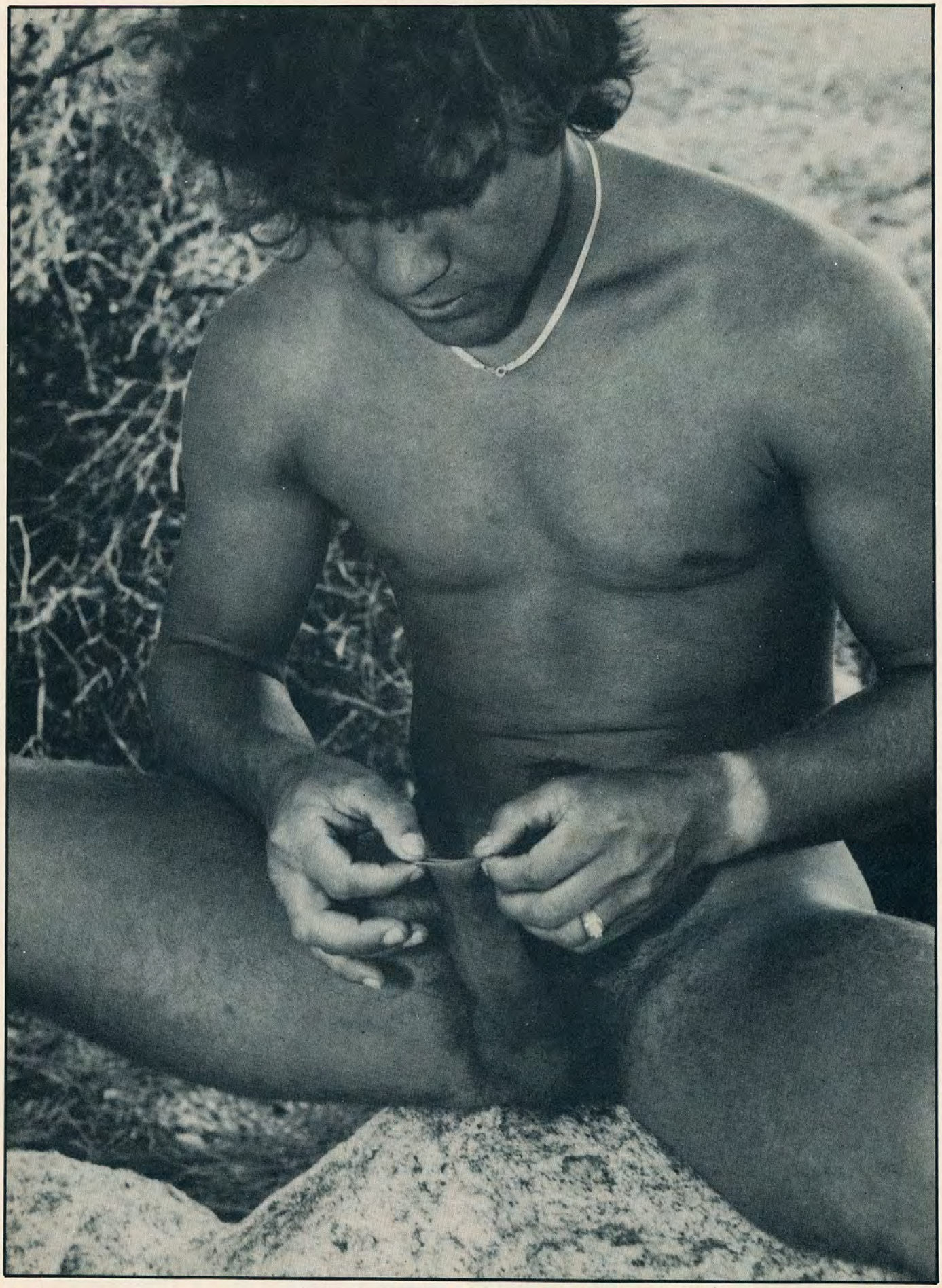

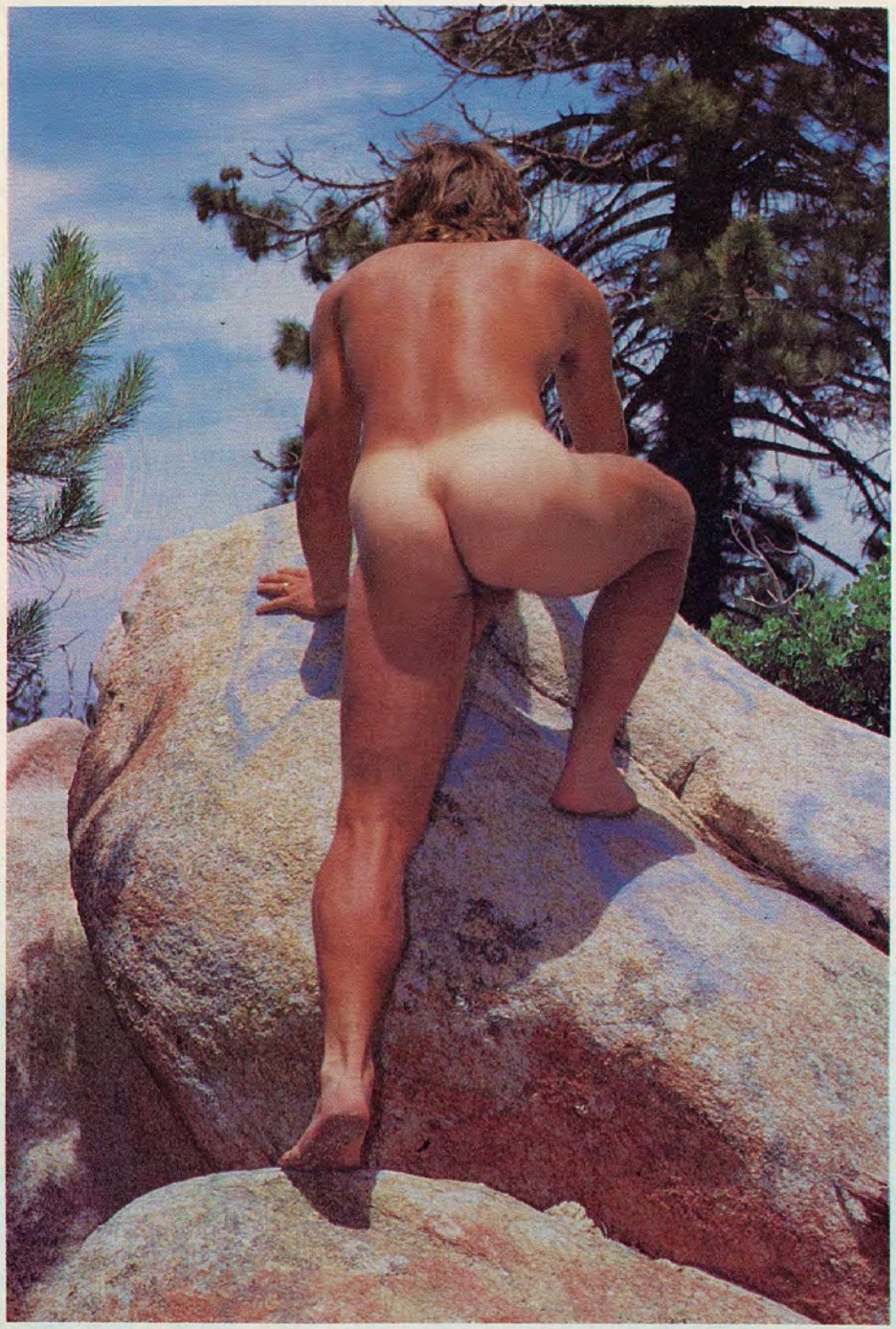

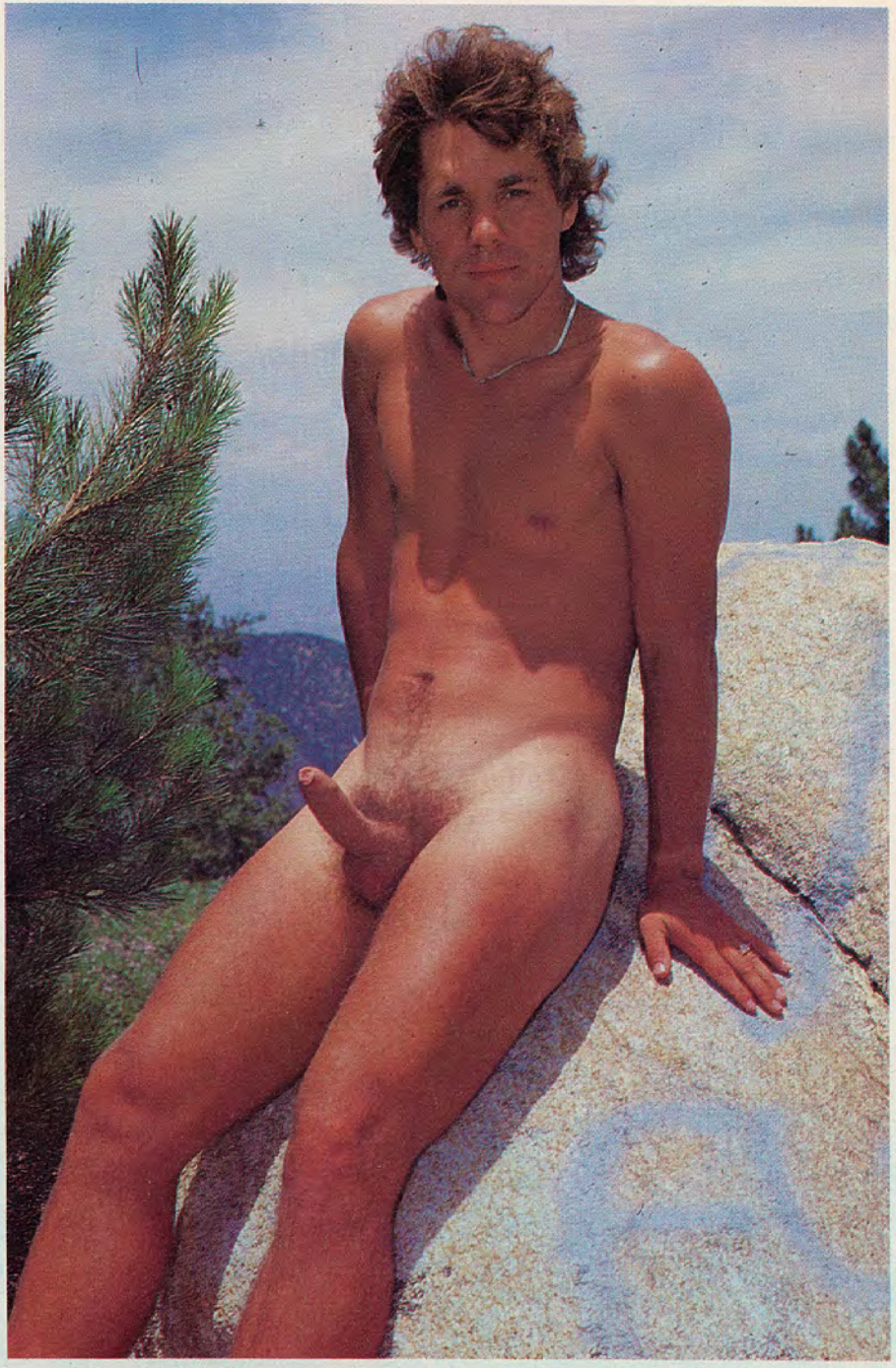

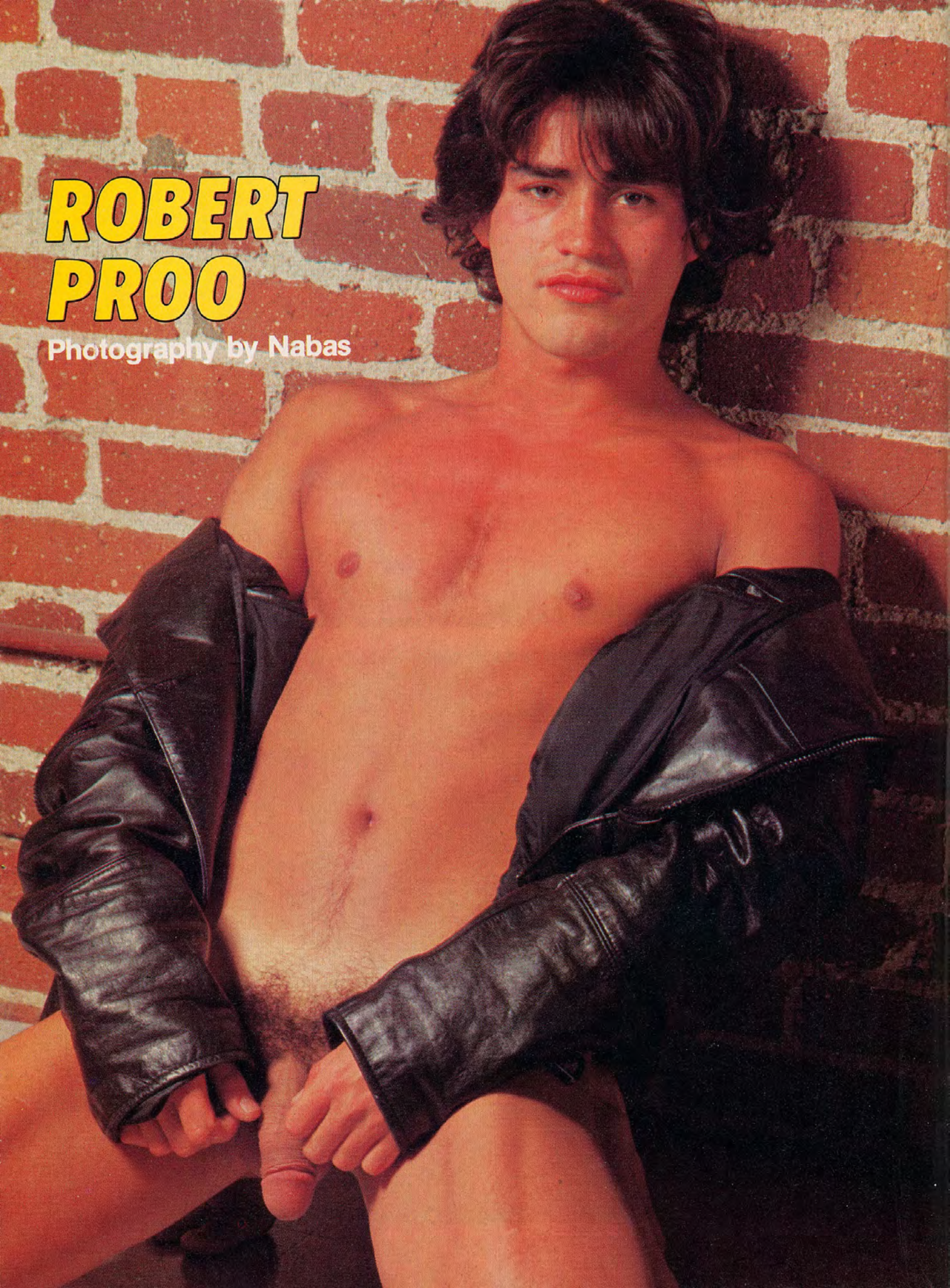
ROBERT
PROO
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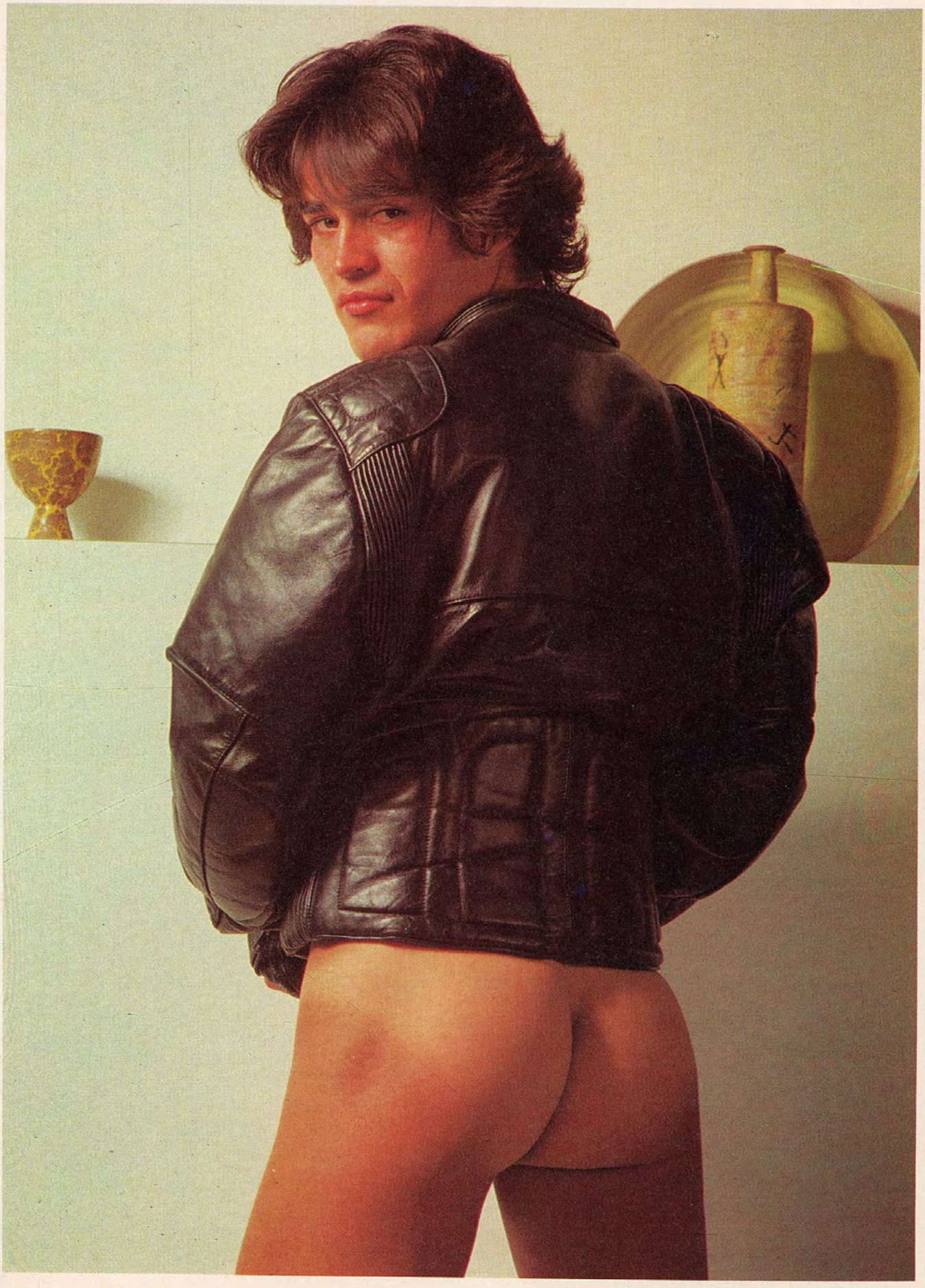

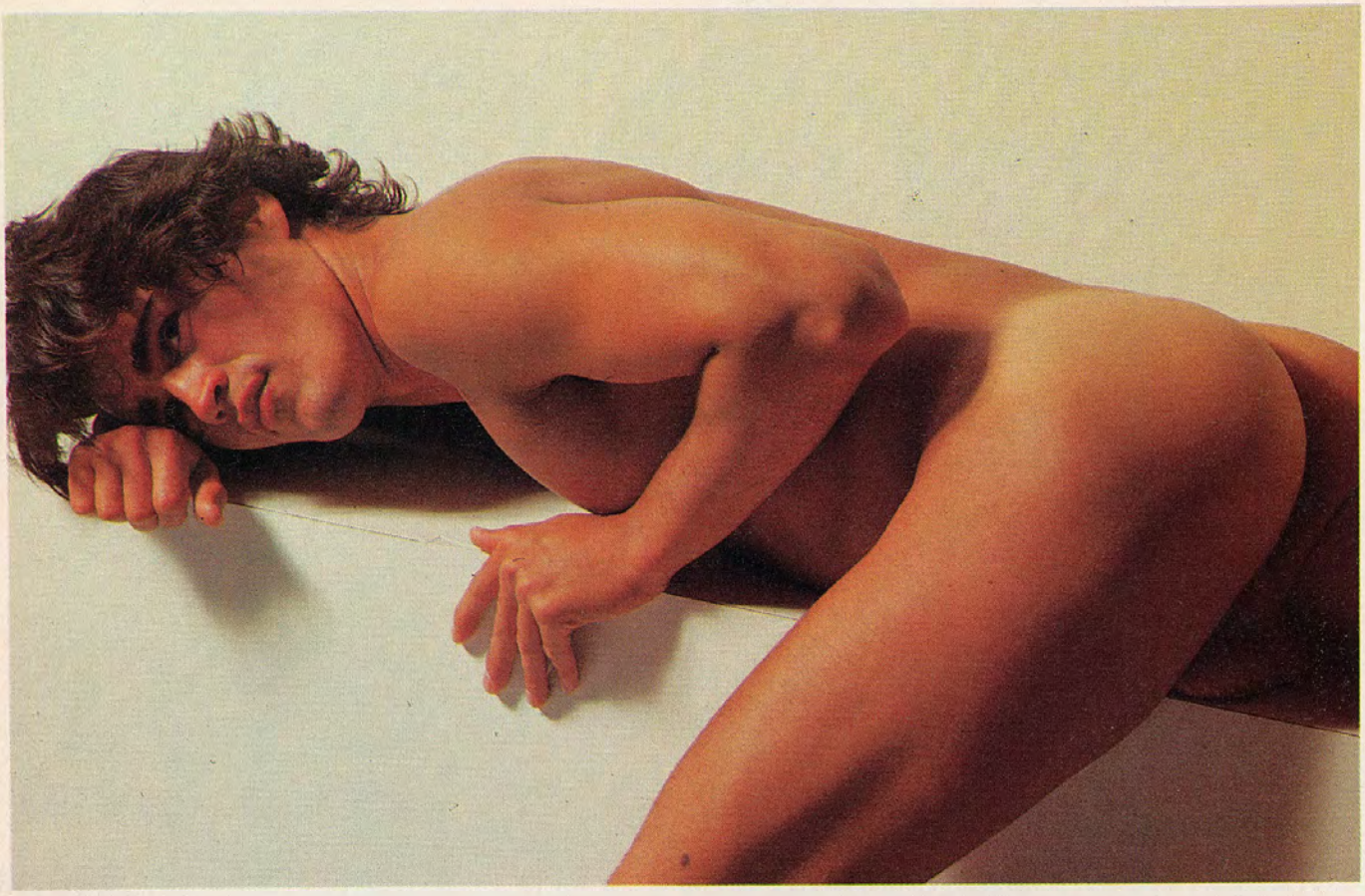

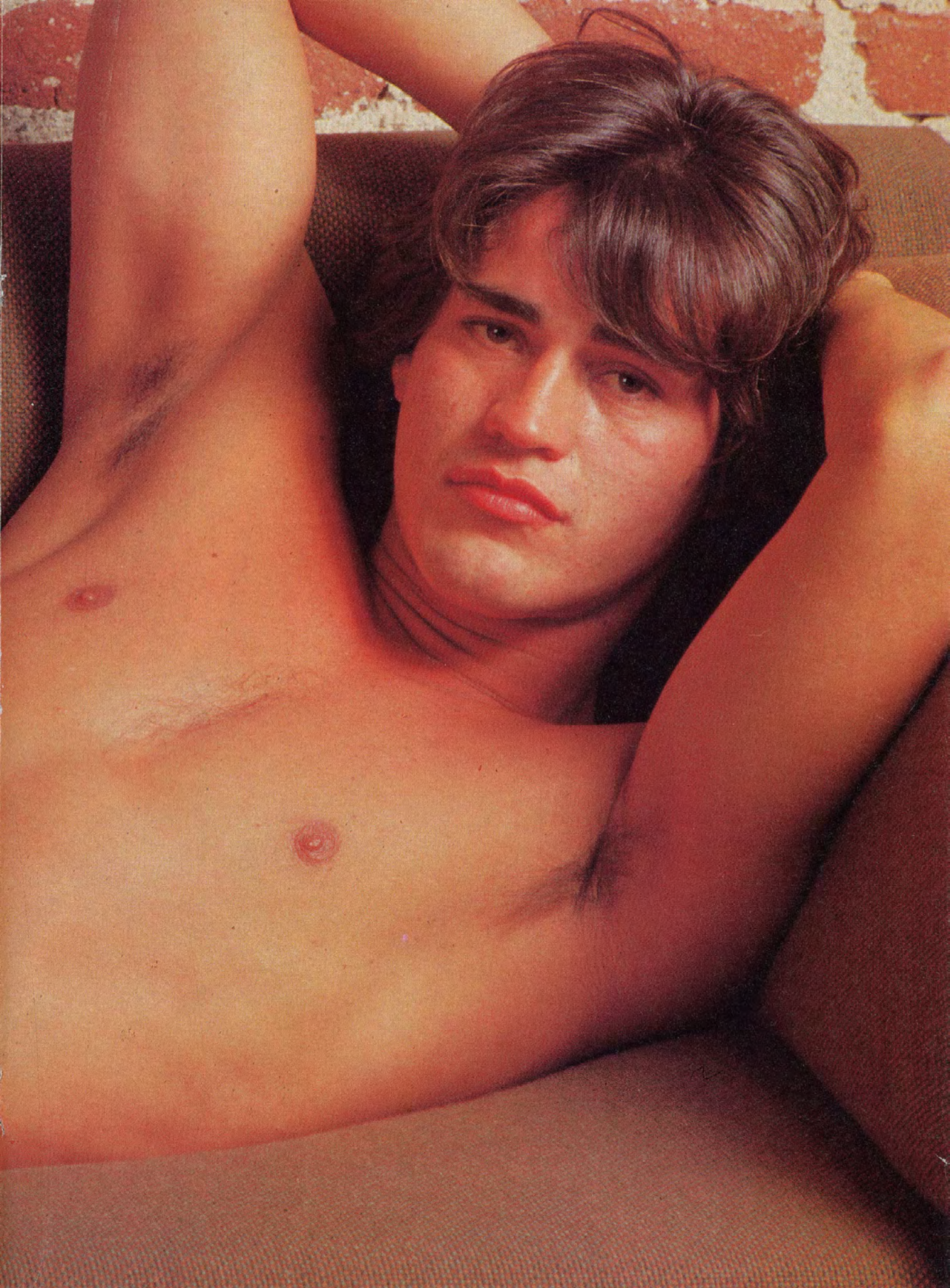

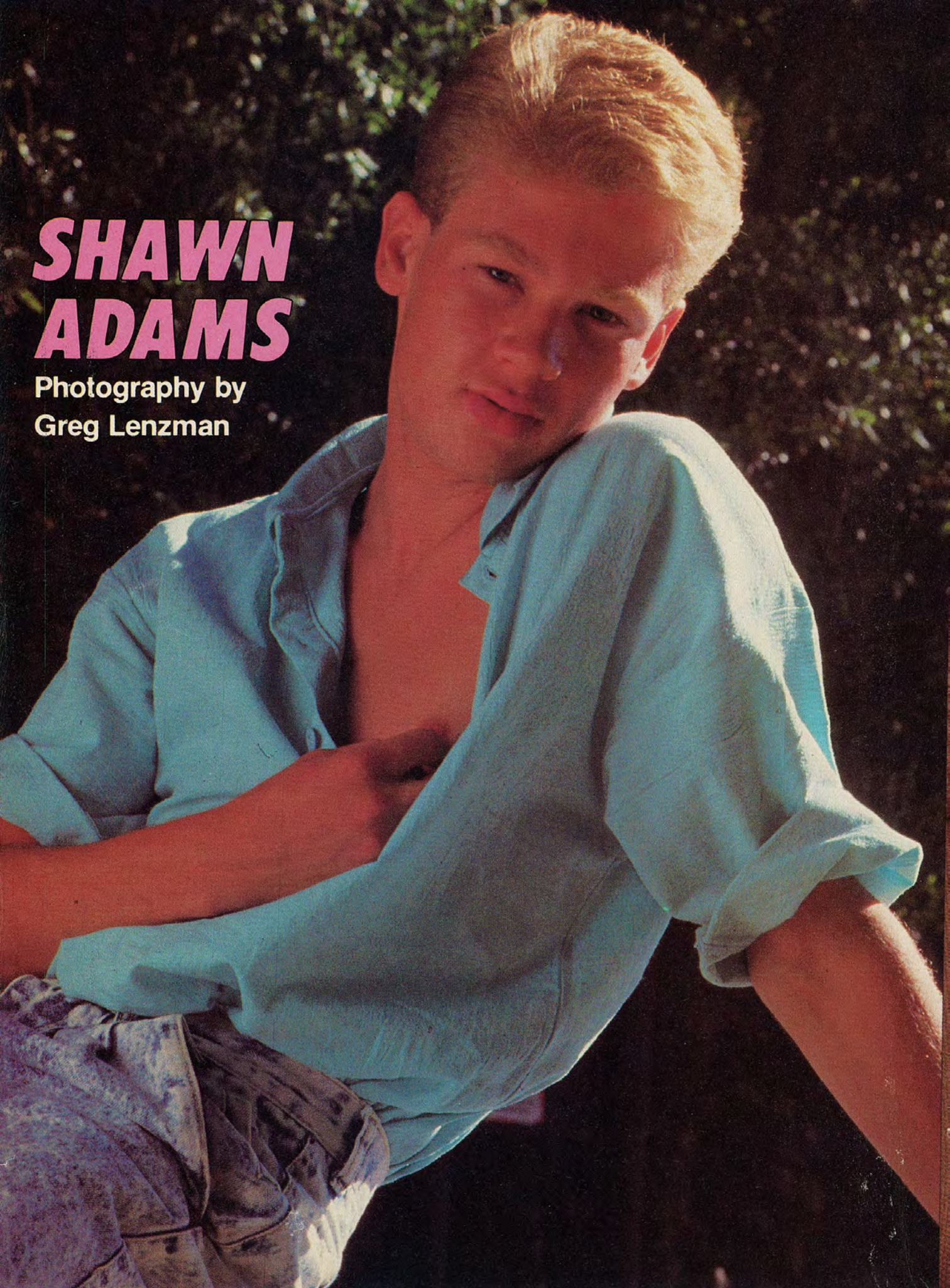
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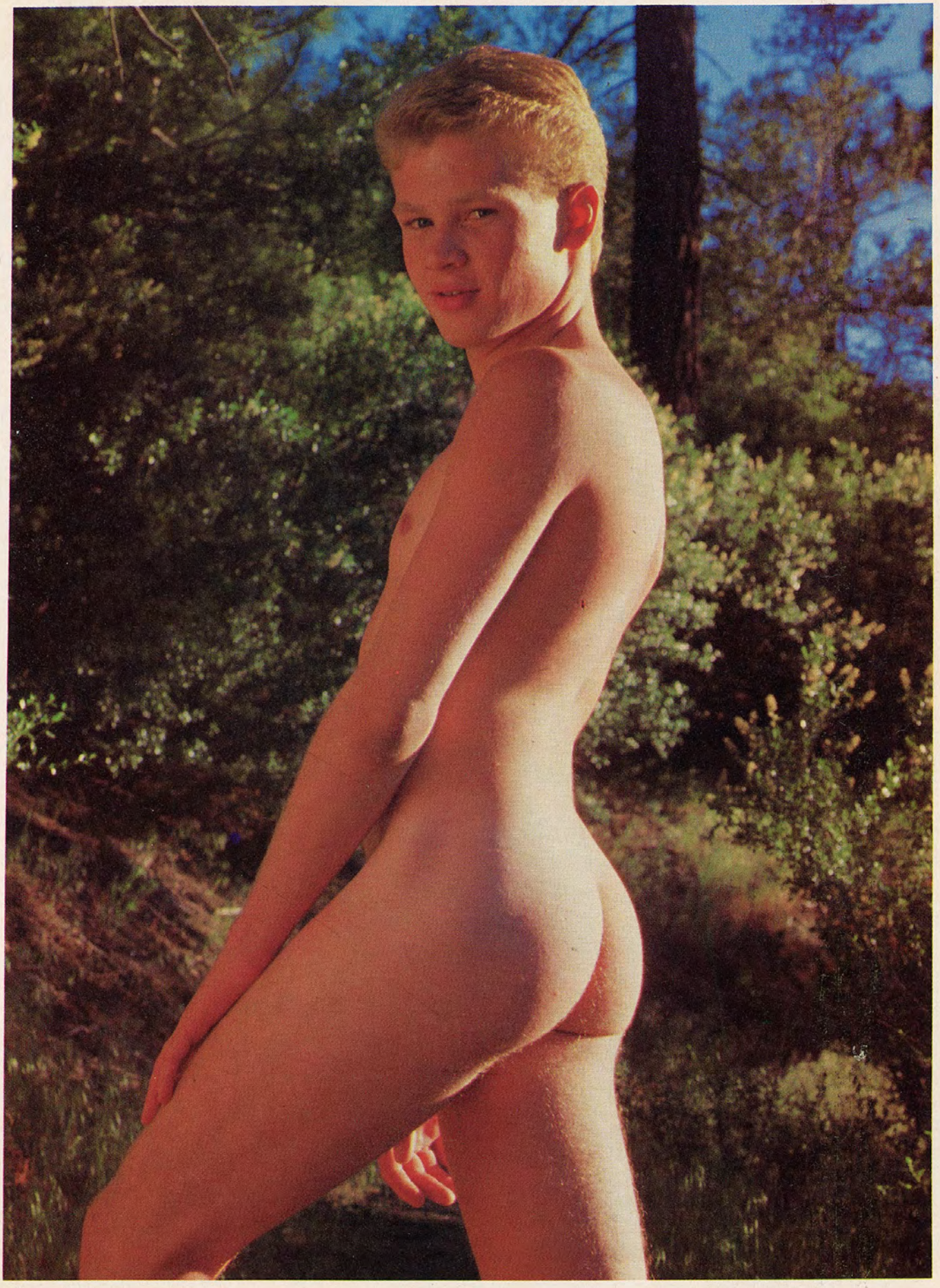

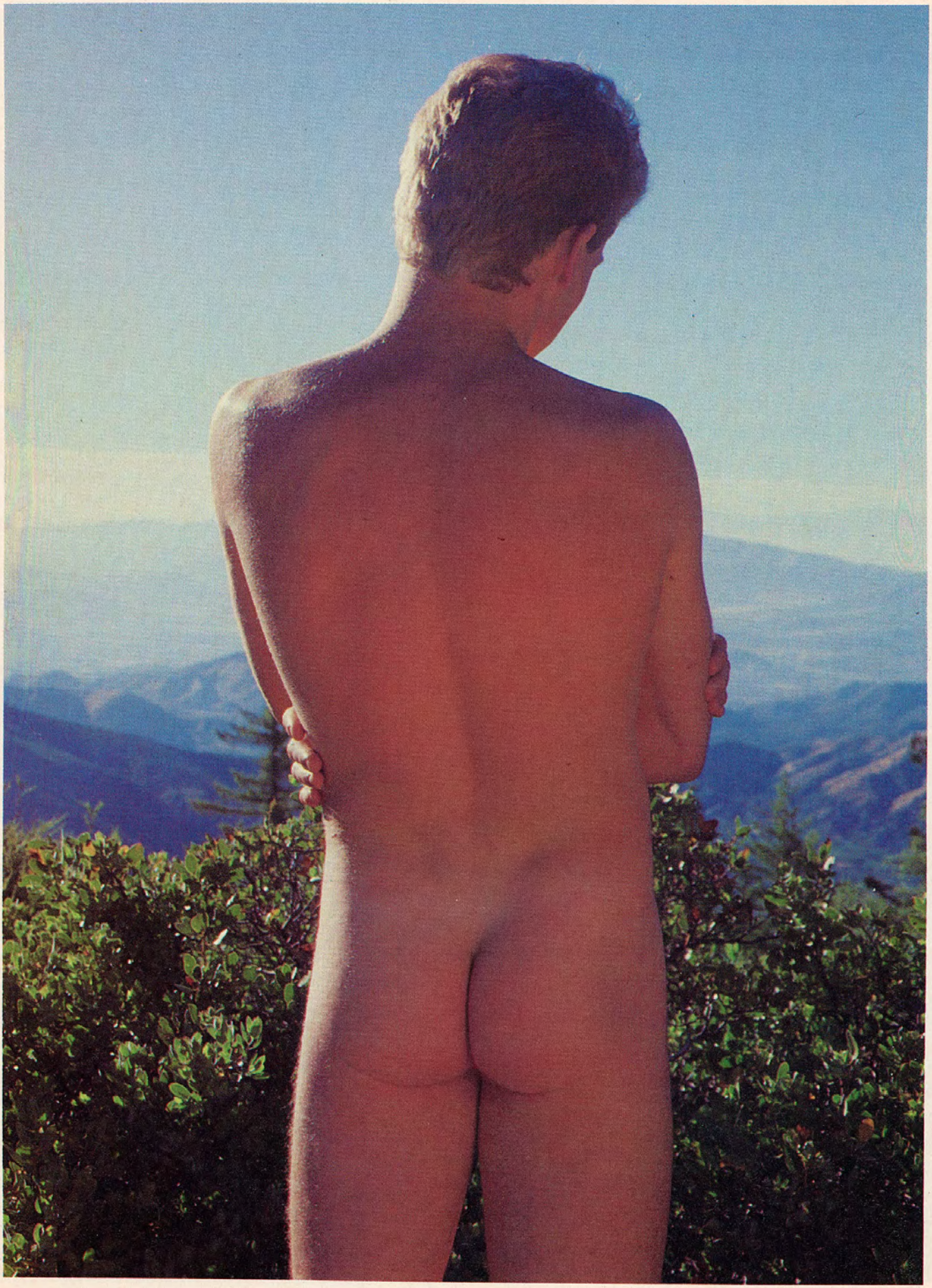

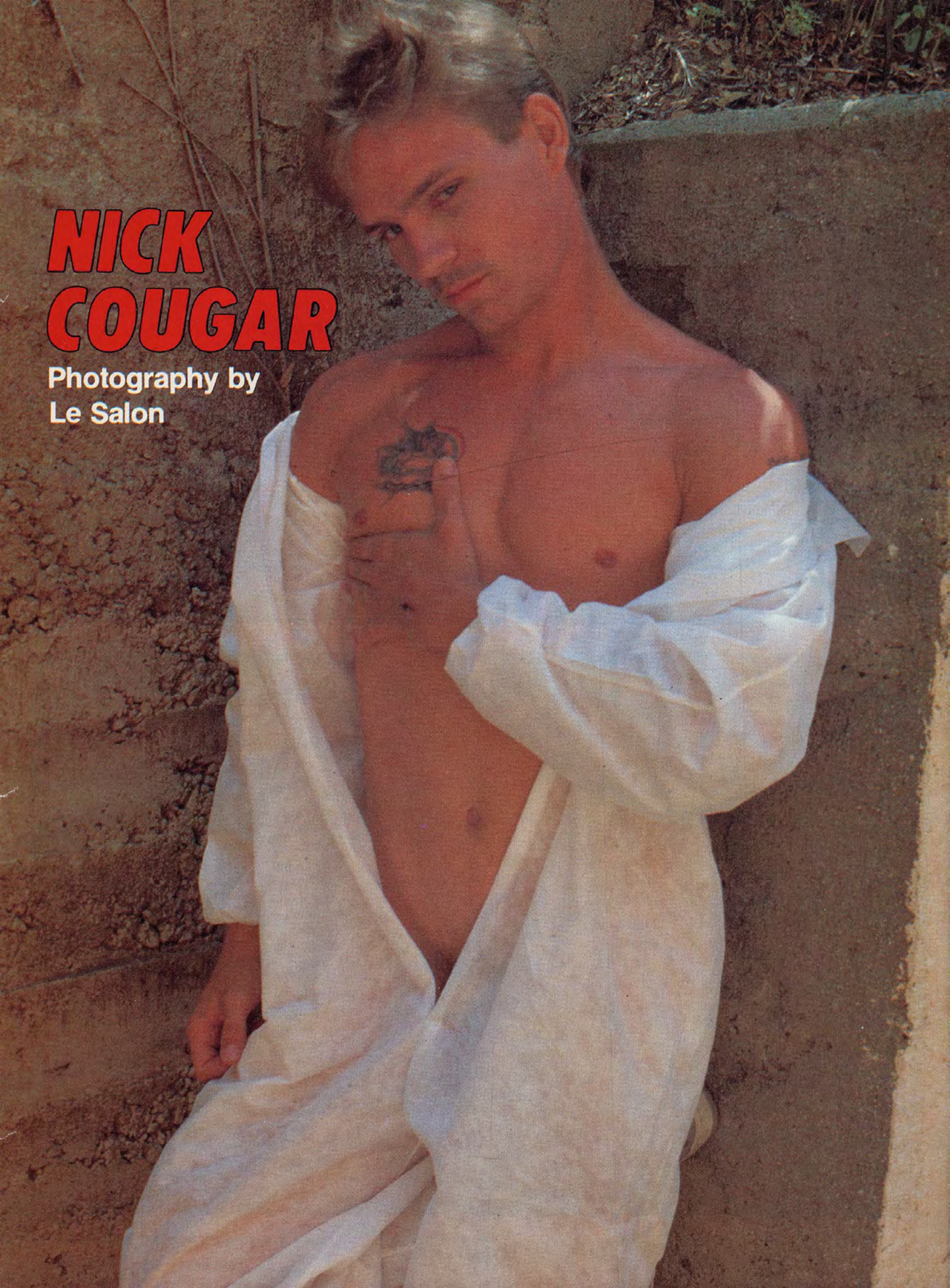
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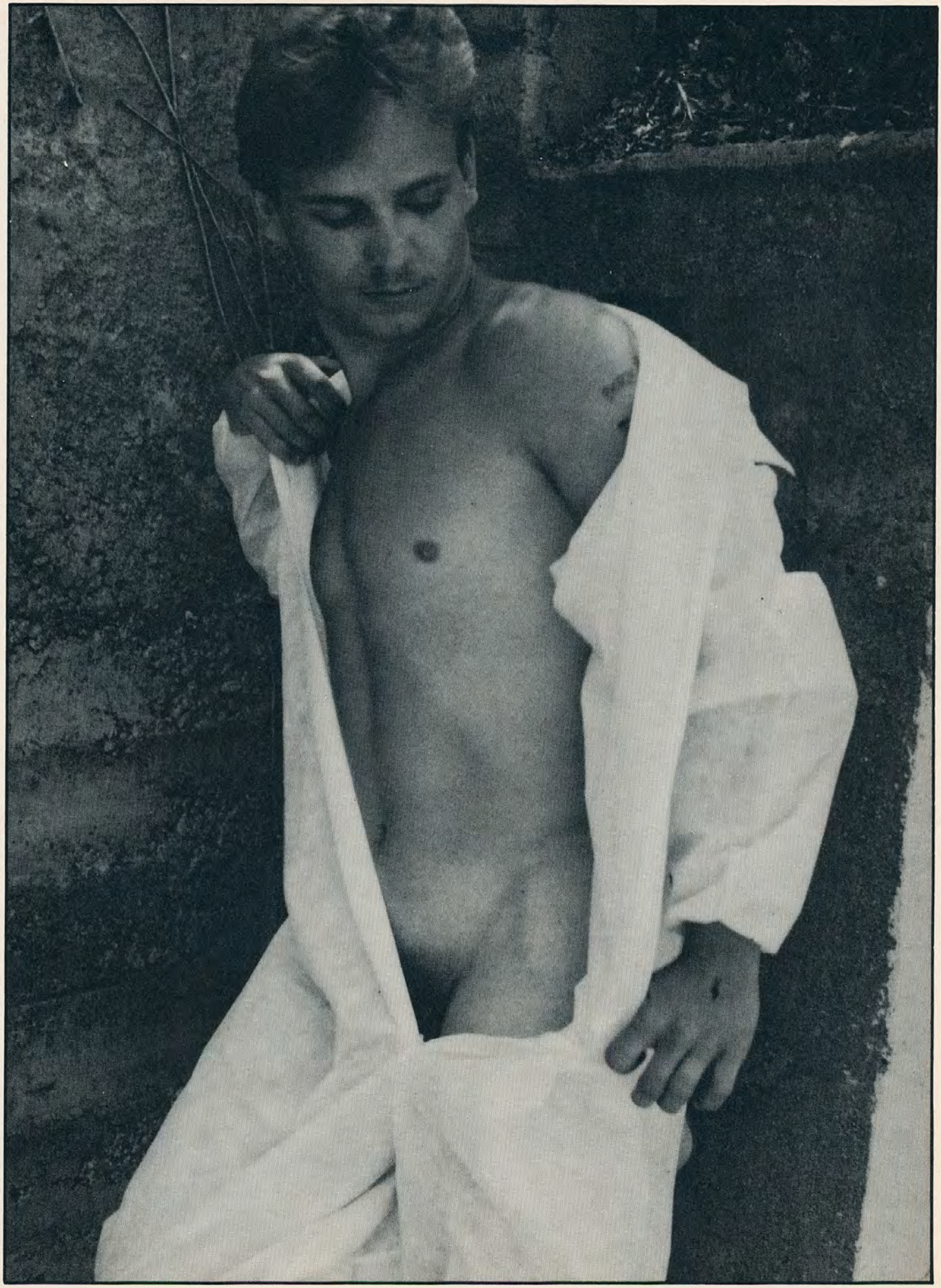
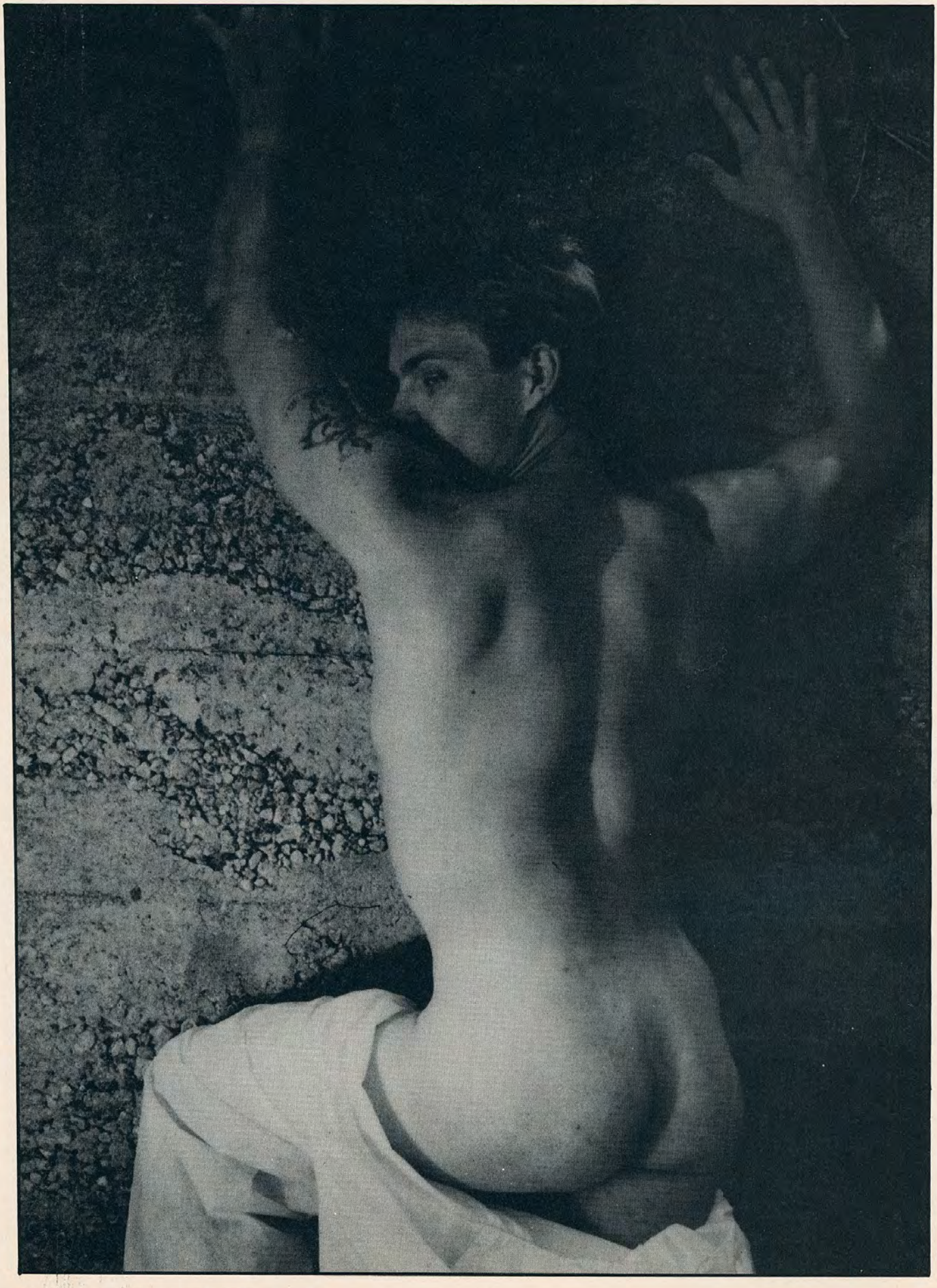
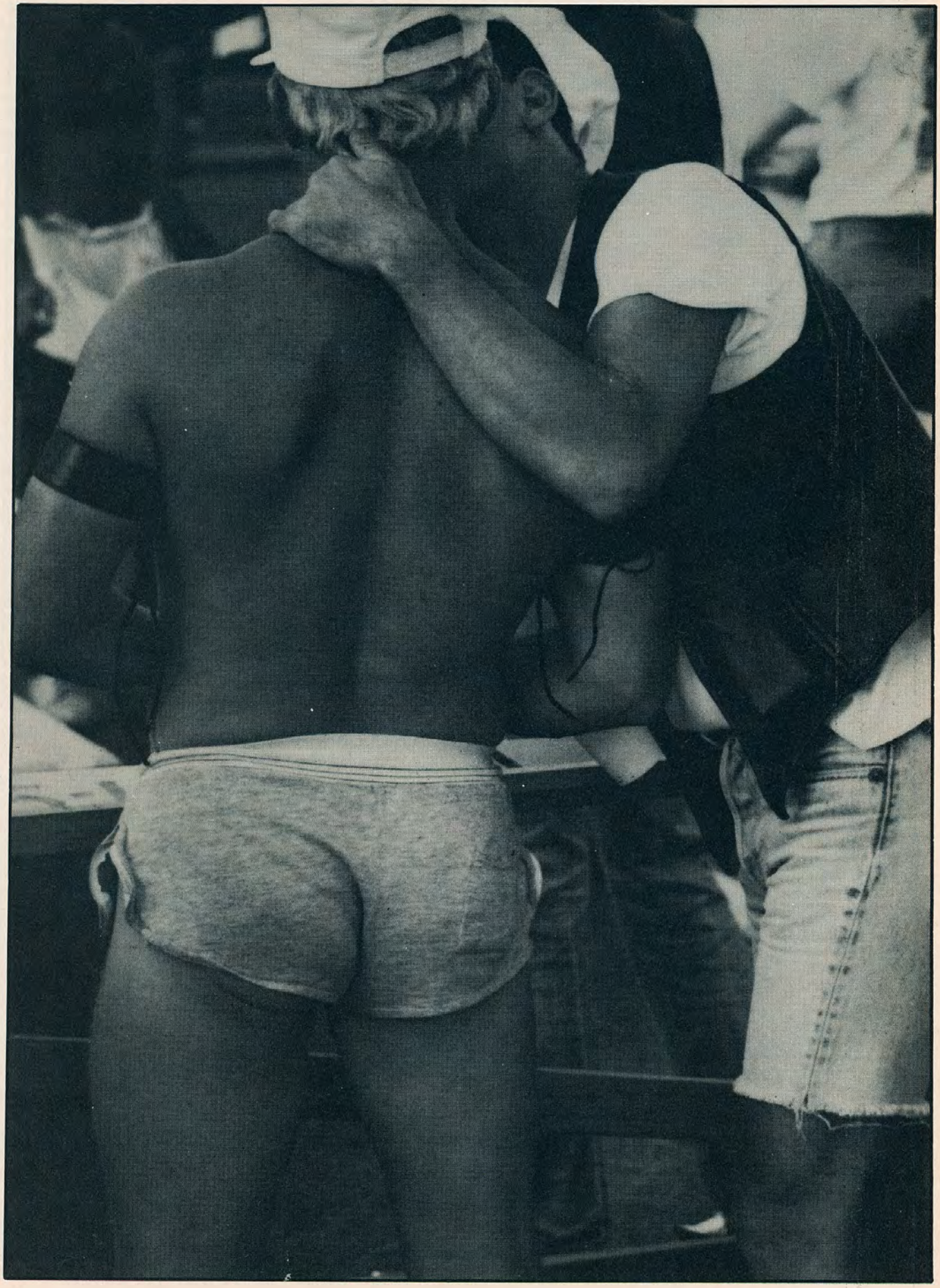


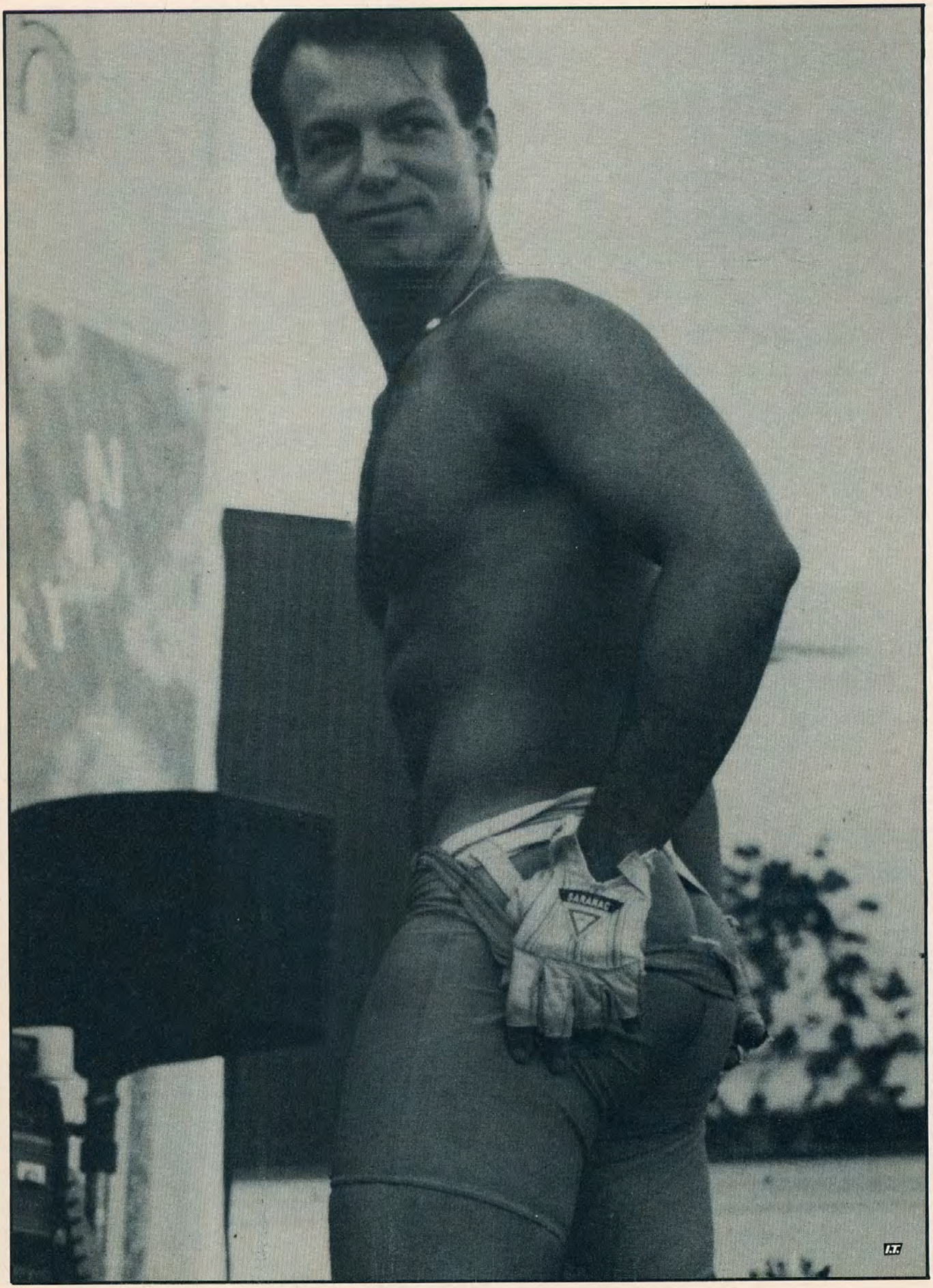


CHEEKY CHAPS

photos by Scott Martin

San Francisco certainly seems to have a plethora of street fairs, what with the Castro Street Fair, the Folsom Street Fair, and (my favorite) the Up Your Alley Fair! Here are a few photos taken at the first two jamborees. As you can see, derrieres were much on view — and much appreciated by the crowd — me, too!




LARAMAC

LETTERS

(continued from page 22)

guess we all fantasize about the private lives of these hunks. I enjoyed reading about Falcon Studios in #131 but thought Bill Clayton's safe-sex techniques to be flawed. While I'm not a medical professional, I'm sure that squirting Nonoxynol-9 up someone's butt might deter, but not prevent, transmission of the HIV virus. While condoms don't guarantee perfect safety, I think they remain a better safe-sex technique. This point should have been brought out in the article — maybe by an editor's note — to prevent misleading readers. It's too bad that Clayton says the viewers don't want to see safe-sex videos, but I was happy to know that video makers are particularly careful about safe sex."

A. Reader
Myrtle Beach, SC

While, in real-life, non-video sex, you are quite right that the use of Nonoxynol-9 alone would not be a good idea, we have to remember that in gay (and straight) porn, the man doing the fucking never *ejaculates inside his partner, so the main risk would come from any pre-cum liquid that might occur. While the use of condoms in intercourse is certainly an obligatory thing, the problem I personally have with watching someone fucking with a condom in a video is that the condom is usually a rather unappetizing white color: come on, you condom makers (or some enterprising person), we need a line of condoms in all the various "flesh" colors that men so alluringly display — and have you ever noticed that many men have penises that are quite a different color, even allowing for sun tans, from the rest of their bodies? Or what about perfectly transparent rubbers?*

EXCUSE US, PLEASE

Although all of the three photos we used to illustrate the article "San Francisco Elects a Pro-Gay Mayor" in our last issue, #140, were credited to the same photographer, in fact, the two photographs on pages 26 and 27 were the work of Rink Foto of San Francisco. Sorry about that, guys!

TOP STUFF

Number 138 of IN TOUCH is a superior issue: I am glad I have a copy.

H.H.
Orlando,FL

And we're glad you have I.T. and it, too!

IDOLIZING ZOLTAN

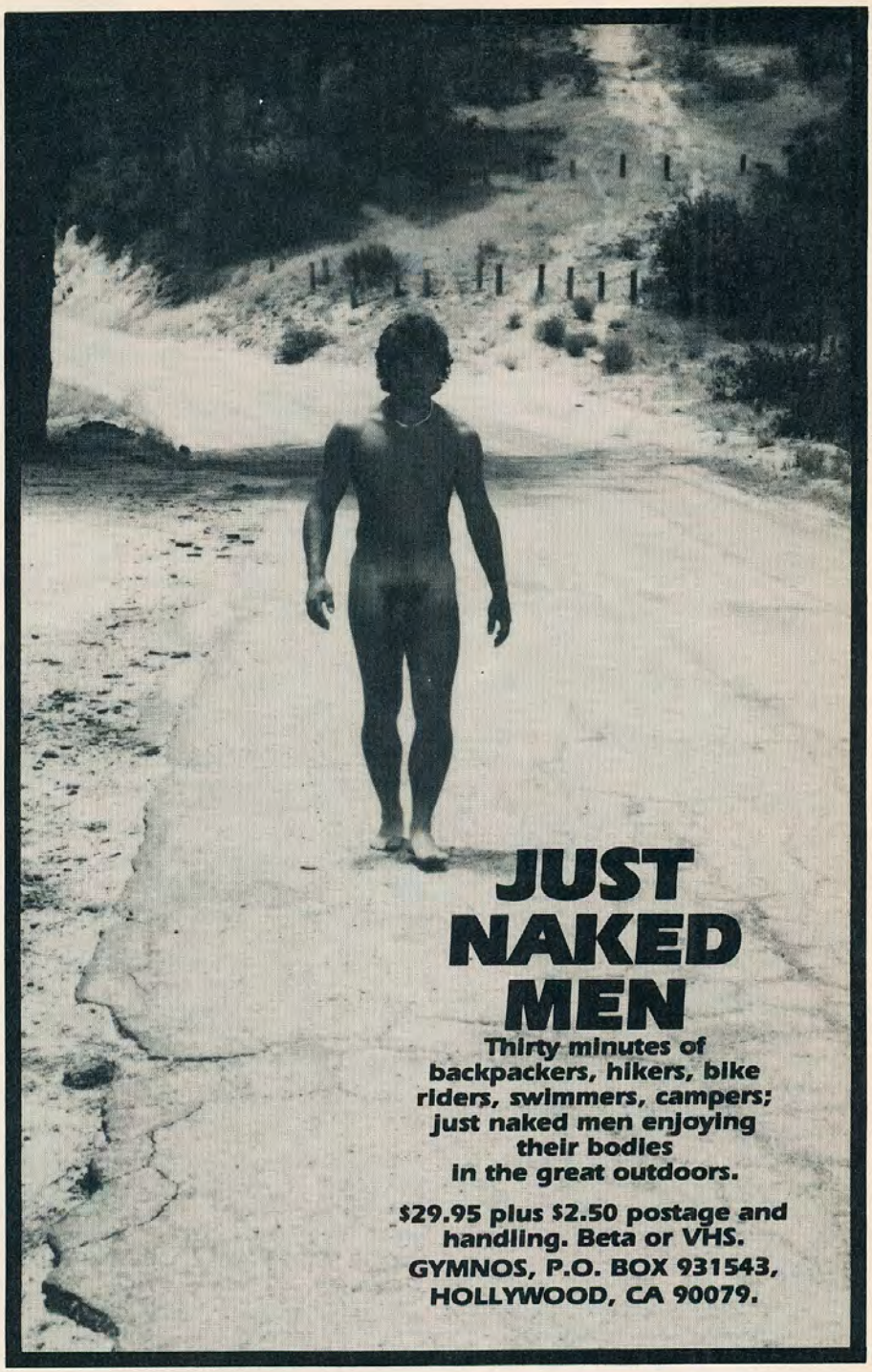
Your magazine is the first I reach for at the news store: yes, I have purchased others but the ratio is about 30 to 1 in I.T.'s favor. Most anyone would be happy with a rating like that. Keep up the good work. The article "Walk Like a God" (#134) by Charles Linebarger was excellent. Zoltan, the subject of the article, has the right idea: work the body to a state of natural excellence. A serious suggestion to Zoltan, write a book on how to do it, have many photos of yourself working out, showing the procedure, and to quote from the last paragraph of the article, wearing as little as possible. It would sell! My order is ready now.

Christopher
Nova Scotia, Canada

What a good idea! Let's hope some smart publisher does it.

LOCKER ROOM LOVER

Having been an I.T. subscriber since 1978, I am most happy to enclose my renewal check, along with kudos to your continuing quality. Each month, I dutifully read the letters from your readers, alternately complimenting you on the choice of your latest hot model, and taking you to task for showing too much foreskin, too little foreskin, too much hair, too little hair, etc. Yet in all these years, I have yet to see the fetishists request photographs of your models in what I consider to be the hottest setting of them all — the football locker room. Your recent fiction entitled "Private Practice" (#135) put my libido in such an uproar, I decided I couldn't remain silent on this point any longer. With literally dozens of male magazines and hundreds of male videos on the market, it astounds me that it is so difficult to find quality visual celebrations of this, the manliest of all sports. Are the uniforms and equipment really so outrageously expensive as to make such a photo session impractical? Photos of high-school and college aged jocks slowly peeling off their gear, piece by piece, after a hot, sweaty practice would be



a real turn-on — especially if such a ritual were followed by some extra "practice" of their own! How about it? Also, could you please help me solve a problem that has only recently begun? My last few issues have arrived in my mailbox either unsealed or previously opened by those dedicated folks in the postal department, who just can't seem to keep their sticky fingers off those envelope flaps. In any event, the last envelope really looked like it had not been sealed at all. Why not use that type of glue that requires virtual destruction of the paper to rip open?

T.R.
Texas

I'm with you on loving football lockerroom scenes. Did you see our photo feature in #138 "Taken Unawares"? Some hot guys taking showers. Although we don't know if they had been playing football — use your imagination. As I said once before, my idea of heaven would be to find myself in the lockerroom of a professional football team before, during, and after a game. As to the problem with the envelopes, our second-class mailing permit specifies that the envelopes must be unsealed, although the flap is turned in. Because of the high cost of first-class postage we're "stuck" so to speak.

WHAT'S UP, JACK?

What has been designated as the official jack-off lubricant for the Summer Olympic Games in Seoul, South Korea?

Rob M.
Lake Buena Vista,

Why, Pee-Nut Oil, of course!

NAKED IN PARADISE

You printed a letter from Ricky in "Orlando," California, in #133. My friend and I desire to meet Ricky, who must live in Orland, since there is no Orlando in Northern California, and we hope you will let us use your column for that purpose. Ricky, we like what you said and would like to attend some gay nudist functions (camping, parties, etc.!) in Northern California. We tried to find your address through The Nude Exchange in North Highlands and learned that they had no listing for you. They do have the kind of memberships, activities, directories and facilities at their disposal that we are interested in joining and having you join with us! I'd like to give you my unlisted phone number but I couldn't handle all the other calls I would get from guys like us (we don't mind getting hot letters, though!). Also, I.T., I'm just like everyone else who finally gets around to writing you. Your magazine, especially Touch & Go and Letters help us all put our sexuality into perspective. I especially appreciate the fact you do not make smart-ass comments in response to those of us who disagree with open demonstrations and exhibitionism in the streets. And, like all your letter writers, there is so much about your publication that I like and consider positive I just can't begin without dominating your letters space! I buy every issue (partly

(continued on page 79)

JOHNNY

(continued from page 36)

me over his shoulder. "Three months ago I might have thrown your ass around the room a few times. But now — so what? I would have beat off anyway. It's nice to have a different hand down there now and then. Now hop in here with me and scrub my back — but no funny business — and I really mean it this time!"

His last night at home. Tomorrow, he would leave on the bus for Camp Lejeune Marine Base, only an hour's drive away. I fixed his favorite foods that night — spaghetti, thin slices of sirloin, tossed salad with mushrooms and cheese, cold chablis wine and tequila sunrises.

He'd been very quiet all day, as he packed his duffel bag. Now, in his white shorts, black muscleshirt, he looked more magnificent than ever before. His tan had become a deep, glossy brown. Black curls stirred in the breeze on the patio.

We stood close together, watching the moon glitter on the ocean before us. "Johnny, I'm going to miss you a lot," I said.

He sipped his drink and stared moodily at the nocturnal scene. "Yeah. You've been real nice to me. Not many would have put up with the shit you've taken from me — and then let me stay with them."

Swallowing the rest of his drink, he put it down and then faced me. "I've been thinking about it and I've decided I want to give you something before I leave, Jason. It ain't a lot, but it's all I've got."

"Oh, to hell with that. I'd love anything you'd want to give me."

Before I could realize what was happening he had shucked off his shirt and shorts and stood in front of me naked. "Is this okay? It's all I've got but I knew that if anybody would appreciate it, it'd be you — and I knew you'd treat me right."

Moonlight picked out the golden curves of his muscles, the sheen of his skin, the hot glow in his eyes. I felt tears run down my cheeks. I threw my arms around him. Saying nothing, he picked me up and carried me into his bedroom.

"It's all yours, unc, anything you wanna do," he whispered. "Anything you wanna do, my body's yours for tonight."

He kissed me, clumsily at first — still tense and nervous — but then he became more passionate, relaxed by the drinks we had had earlier. While I tasted his warm lips, he moved on top of me, pushed my legs up and I felt the tip of his dick push into my rectum. It was his first time making love with anyone and he was a little awkward, wanting to plunge right into me. I gasped and he paused to give me time to adjust to his thick dick and when I gave him the go ahead slid the rest of it up into me.

Johnny began fucking me the way a man does who's never fucked before — and who is suddenly discovering this age-old ecstasy. Grunting, whimpering, he cried out when he ejaculated and fell over beside me. I quickly grabbed some tissues from the bed table and turned over to clean him off, then slid down and began sucking his still-throbbing prick.

Although some cum was still emerging, the limp organ soon began bloating up again after a few minutes in my mouth. My fists relentlessly slid up and down on the thickening stalk.

From the way he began to twitch and writhe, I knew he was approaching another ejaculation. And when he muttered, "Here it cums!" I pulled back so I could watch.

A large squirt of sperm blew up into the darkness, followed by a shorter one that spattered across his muscled abdomen and then by four more thick gobs of cum. Johnny pulled me to him and began kissing me again.

"Gee, this is lots of fun," he laughed. "I wish we could have been doing this all along, unc."

"Well, Johnny, my boy, it wasn't because I wasn't willing. But now I want you to turn over so I can eat your ass out."

"You've got strange tastes," he snorted but obeyed. Like most straight men having their first experience with a gay man, Johnny flipped out over his first rimming. He stuck his butt up in the air and pulled his cheeks apart so I could dig my tongue deeper into his asshole. Then he reached back and pulled my face deeper into his cleft. I shoved my face beneath him, ramming his erection into my mouth and it took only a few sucks to have him blowing his seed into me.

"I'm really getting my money's worth tonight," I laughed as we paused to drink a couple of beers.

"When I work for someone, I deliver," he joked and we both chuckled.

And he delivered three more times before the night was over.

The next afternoon we stood behind the bus depot in Wilmington. Nobody was around but we could see the arriving and departing buses. Johnny had an arm around me and I leaned up against him.

"You'll be coming to see me, Johnny? You aren't that far away."

"Maybe. It depends. We aren't allowed off base during boot camp and then I may be shipped overseas right afterwards."

Behind his dark glasses, he was inscrutable. Much as he had been at my sister's funeral. I could not tell what was going on in his mind. "Remember, this is your home now. You can come back anytime. You don't have to write or call, just come."

The bus arrived just then. My big nephew grabbed his duffel bag, bent down, and gave me a short, probing kiss. Then he turned quickly and walked, with his buttocks undulating sexily, to the waiting vehicle.

That was last year. Four months after joining the Marines, he went AWOL. No one has seen him since. There were rumors of a girl, a suicide attempt — no one knows anything for sure.

Johnny left his black muscleshirt behind. Some days I put it on a hanger and take it outside on the patio. In the steady wind, the garment dances and flutters like someone is trying to wear it. I think of Johnny wearing it again. Perhaps he will one day , when he comes marching home to the man who loves him.

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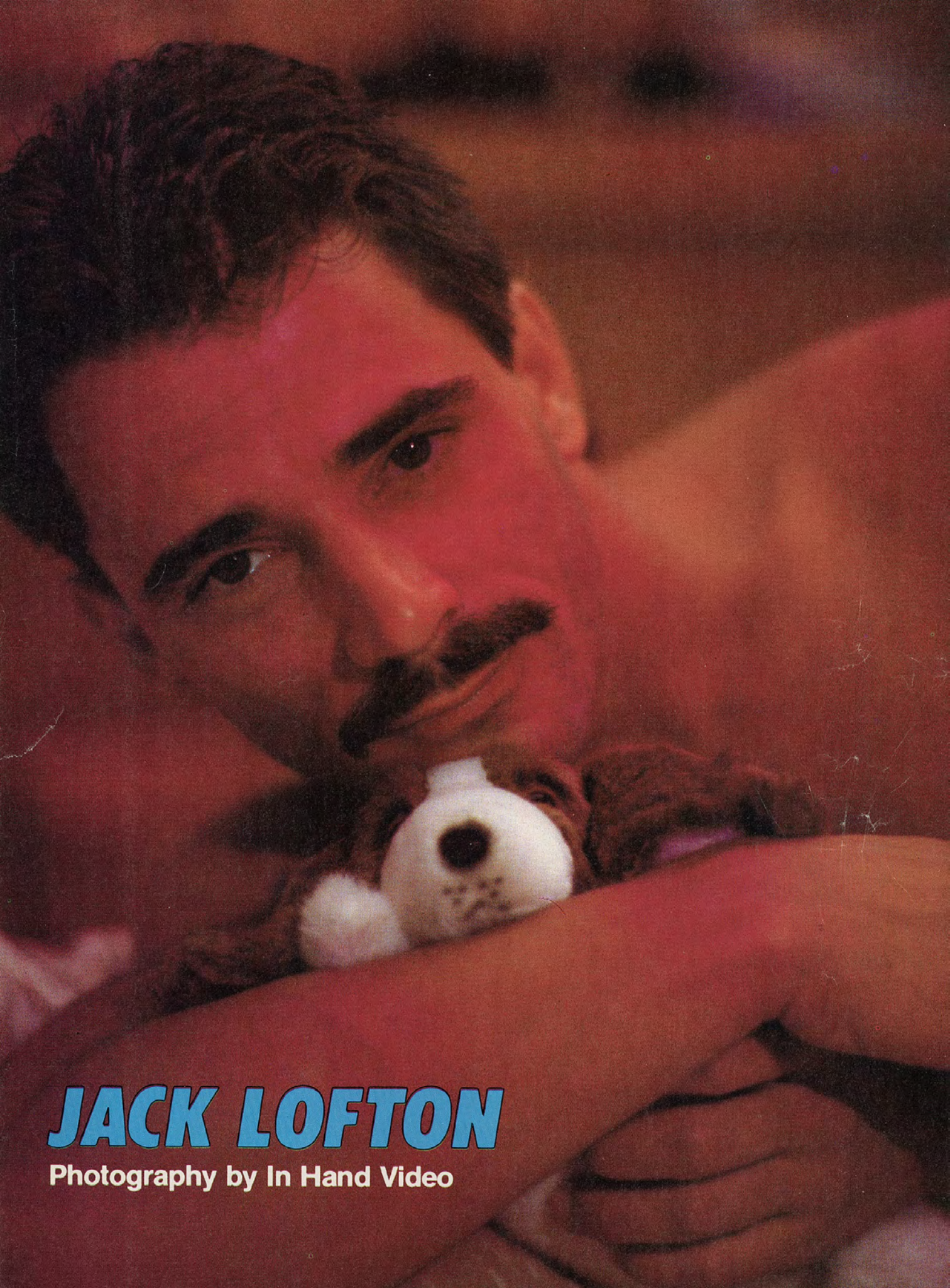
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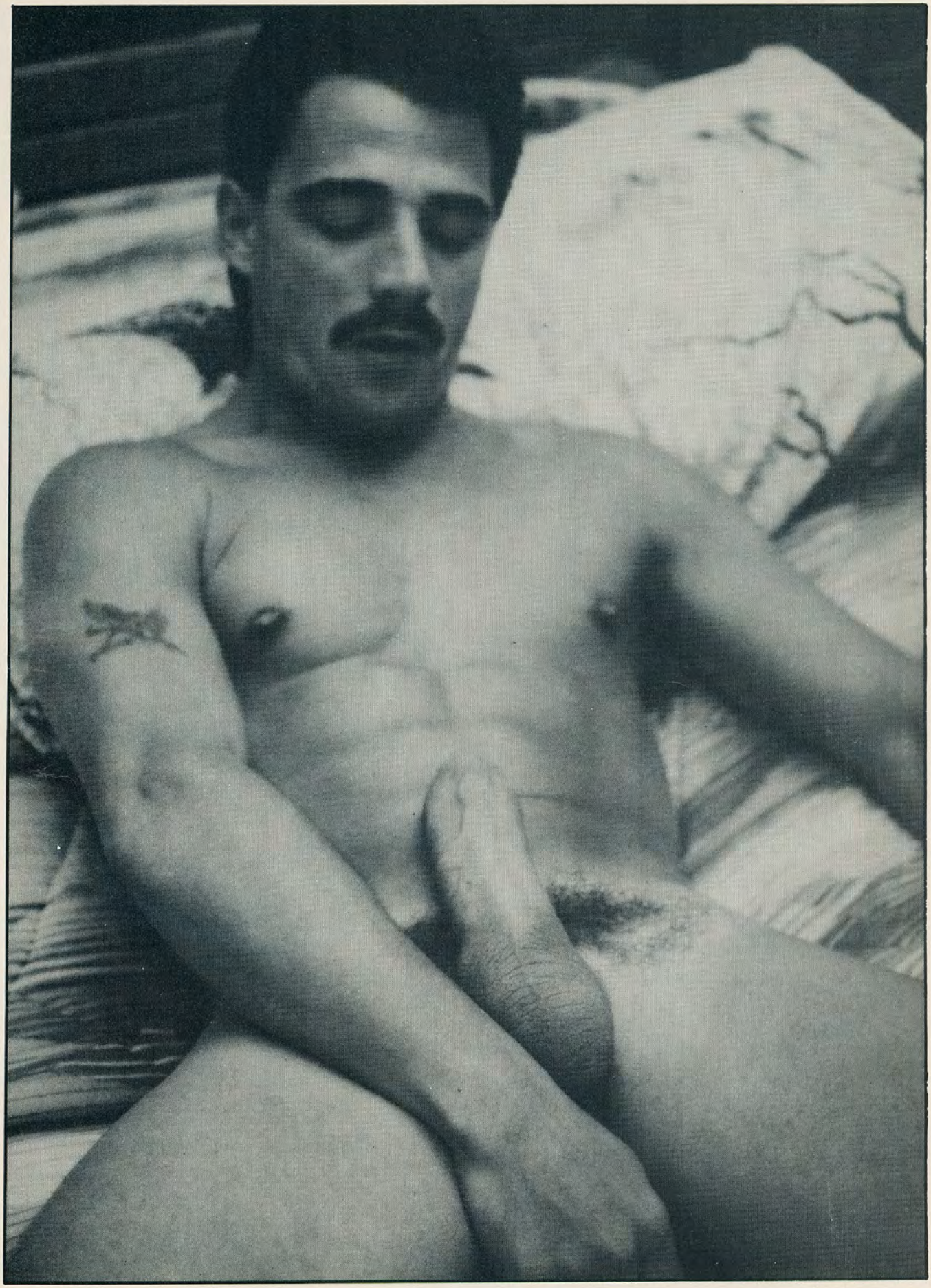

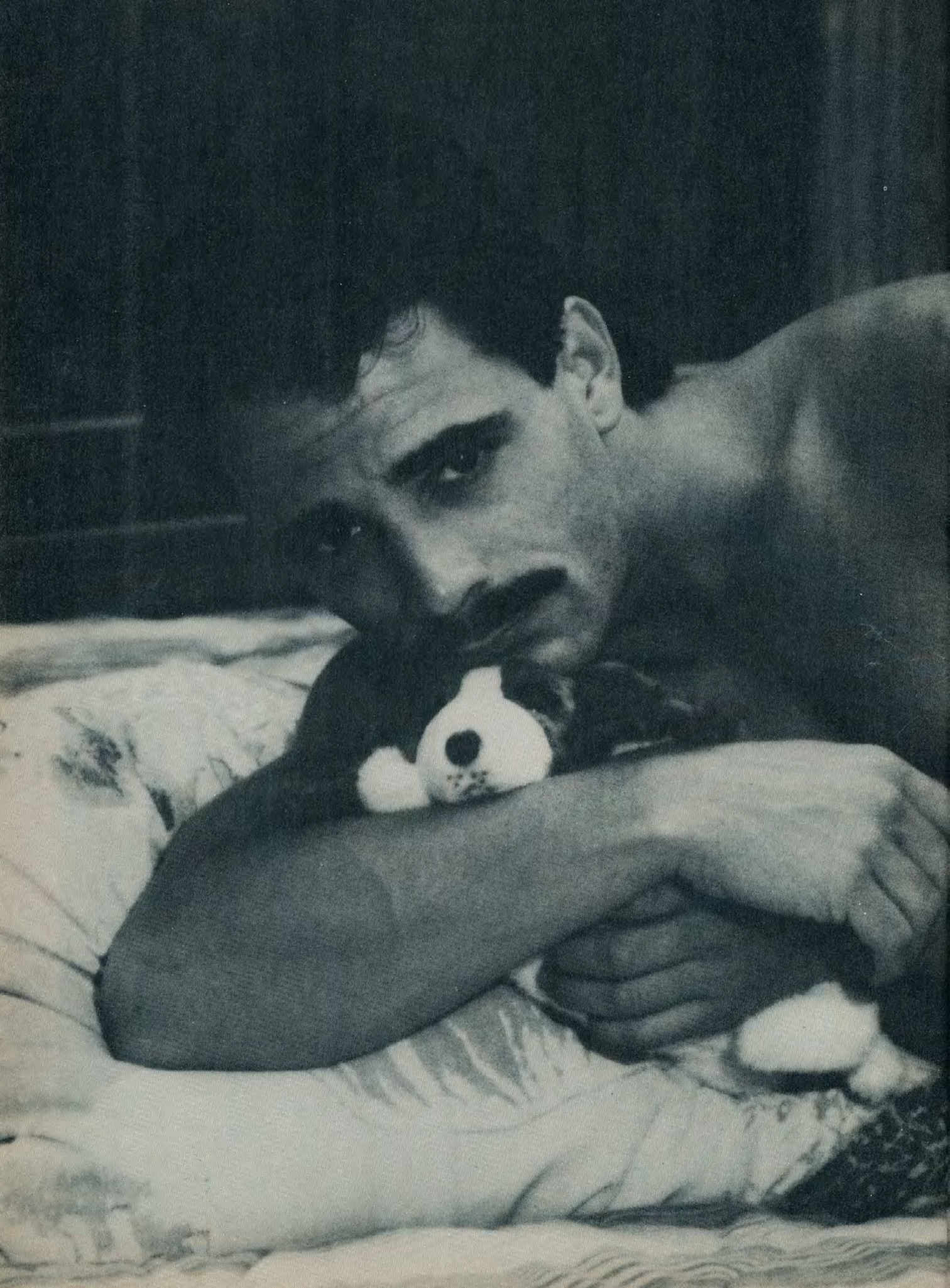

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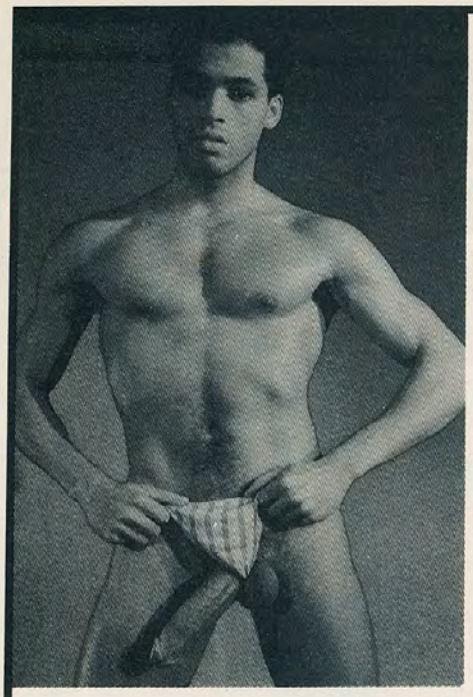

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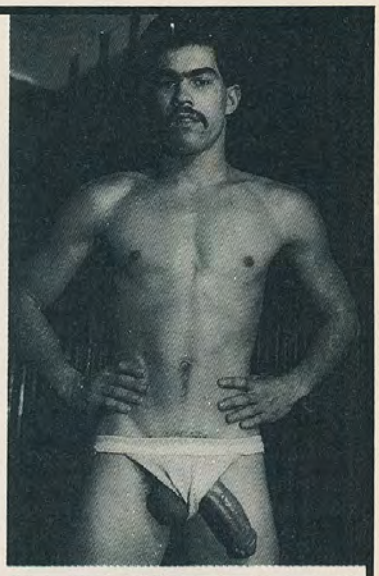

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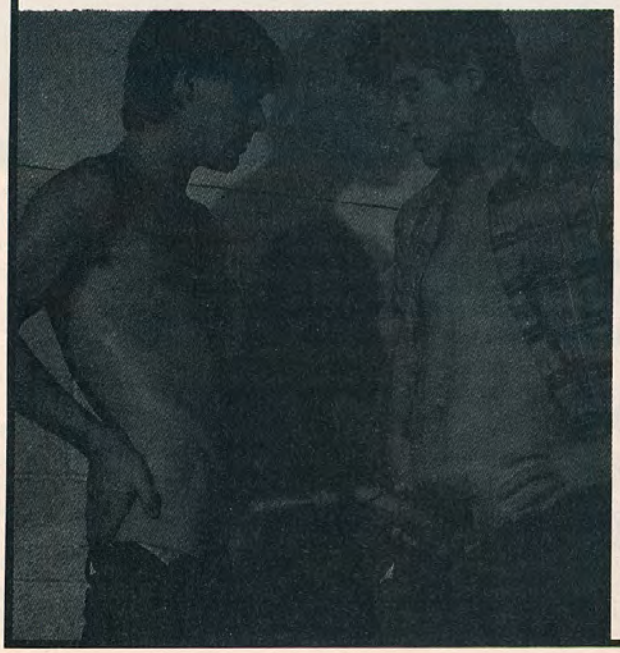

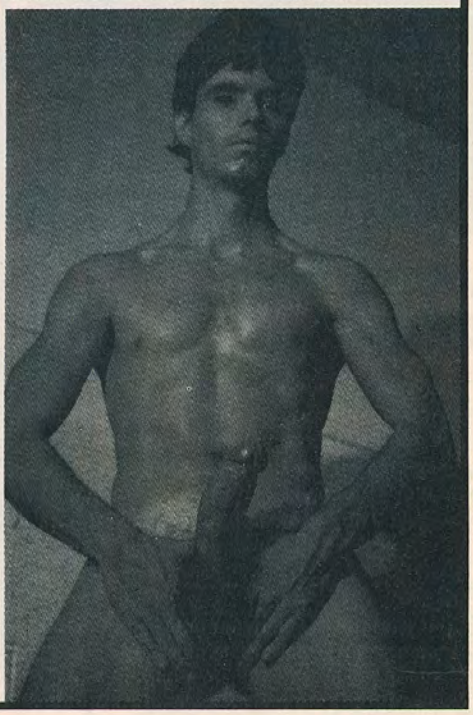

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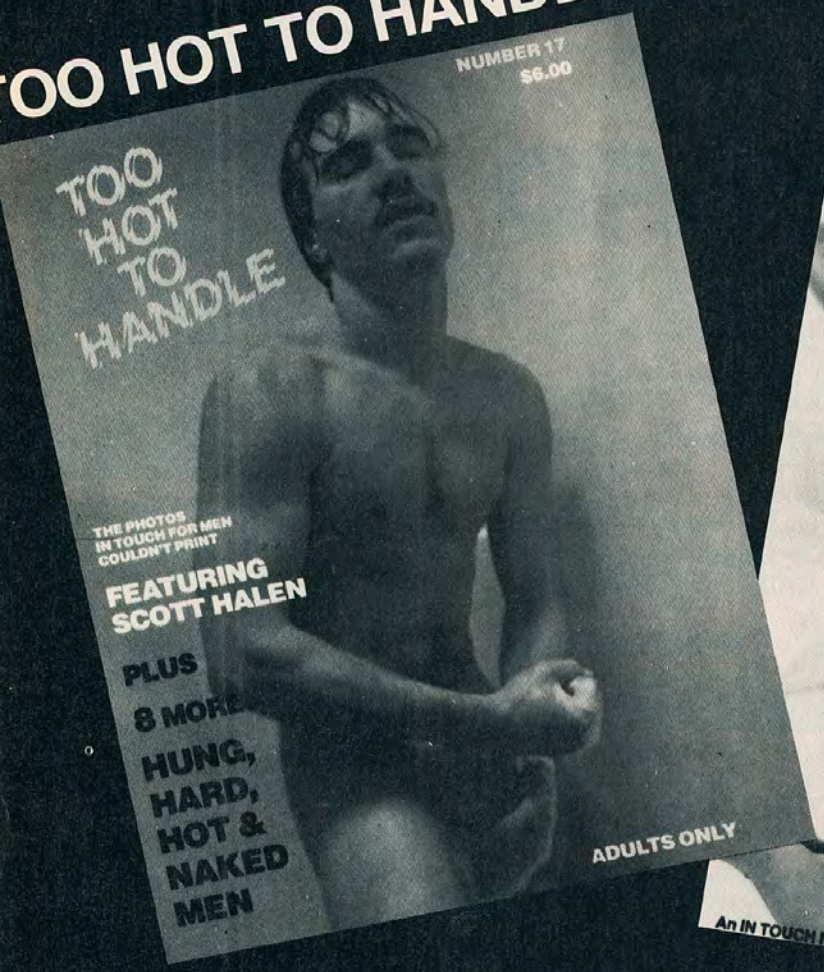

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LETTERS

(continued from page 68)

because I'm looking for the clipping I sent months ago of the college wrestler grabbing his opponent's balls! I'll send another copy — now you guys better print this 'cause it's my last copy!). And, Ricky, we'll be sunning our buns in preparation for funning our buns in the sun as soon as you write!

C. Smith
P.O. Box 5298
Chico, CA 95928

Whoops! Ricky didn't sign his name and address so I took the town off the postmark, which I read as Orlando, but now that I look at it again I see that it is indeed nothing less than Oakland — but that's also in Northern California so you can still get together. Sounds like you guys have lots of fun in the sun with your buns — so keep on doing it!

PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

I recently read your item about Adam & Company's new video *Northwest Passage* (Touch & Go, #139). I was pleased and disappointed to have a very complimentary mention by writer Bob Stanford that "This video has great-looking guys. My favorite is Tod Lance, a young man who doesn't know the meaning of the word soft." My disappointment was in discovering that my name had been printed incorrectly. The name is in fact Rod Lance. One may question whether a double-entendre was intended. I'll leave that to your imagination!

Rod Lance
Burbank, CA

Dear adorable Rod, can you forgive me for my stupid error? If you feel that you must chastise me for it, don't hesitate to call me so that we can work something out. Readers, let me repeat that Rod Lance is one hot stud — and he writes well too!

UP & AT 'EM

I would like to thank you for your pictorials of Dany Brown and Kurt Lunz in #138. I really appreciate photographs showing "free-standing" hard-ons as they bring back wonderful memories of my best buddy in college. Dave and I had known each other since elementary school, but really became friends when we became roommates in college. I've been involved in nudism since I was a child, but Dave was unaware of this, and also unaware that I was gay (until we became roomies, that is!). Being a nudist, it's natural for me to be nude around others but it was quite a shock for Dave the first time he found me running around in the nude. I explained to him about being a nudist and he was quite interested, so we decided to combine nudism with our common hobby, backpacking, on our next trip. Dave was still not aware that I am gay! On Saturday morning, we started out as usual on our hiking trip, but about two miles into the woods we stopped to rest and remove our clothes. Dave was sporting the most beautiful erection I have ever seen! He was quite embarrassed about it until he noticed my dick, which was hard, too! I said something about how sensual and natural it was being nude in the great outdoors, which eased his embarrassment. We continued on our hike, nude, with two "raging" hard-ons. This was a great turn-on for me. Being a nudist, I've seen hundreds of soft dicks, but seeing my handsome friend nude and hard was incredible. Dave is just my type; Italian, slightly hairy, muscular, with the most incredible ass and an eight-inch dick. It was just such a shame that I thought Dave was straight! After a couple of more miles, we stopped for another rest. Dave started putting his shorts back on, saying how embarrassed he was about his "problem." I suggested we take care of *our* problems in a different way. I explained to him that I am gay, and would be happy to help him with his "big problem." He was a little shaken at first, but then admitted that he had always been curious about the gay lifestyle and asked me if I would "teach" him. Well, to make a long story short, we both learned a lot that afternoon. I've lost contact with Dave since then, but I have wonderful memories of my friend with his "free-standing" hard-on. Your photographs help me to relive a great day in my life. Keep those beautiful models, with their beautiful hard-ons, "cumming" my way and you will make a 30-year-old gay male nudist very, very happy!

Keepin' It Bare,
An IN TOUCH Fan
Atlanta, GA

What a great story! but if Dave is as good as he sounds, I surely wouldn't have lost touch with him! I too love to see a handsome hunk strutting around with a stiff one — but very few of the videos I see have any scenes like that: producers, get with it!

BUCK UP

I have been an avid reader of I.T. for several years, since David Miller was a centerfold (#69, also in #7 and in Special Issue #1). Geoff Carrington was also an incredible model (#71). In issue #105 you had coverman Buck, photographs by Allen Robert Williams. You can tell the photos are from two different sessions. Yet I have never seen any other photos in any other magazines of Buck. Nor have I seen him in any movies. What else has Buck done and how can I get more info about how to get more photos and maybe films? Please reply soon.

Keith
Madison, WI 53704

I'm afraid Buck was one of those delightful young men who pose a few times as a lark and then go on to other things. So far as I know he has made no videos or other photo sets.

STARVING COLLEGE STUD

I regret to inform you that being the poor starving college student that I am I am unable to afford another year's subscription to I.T. However, my wealthier friends out in the real world are now subscribing regularly and I have been promised their copies once they are through with them (whatever that

(continued on page 97)

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All the Way
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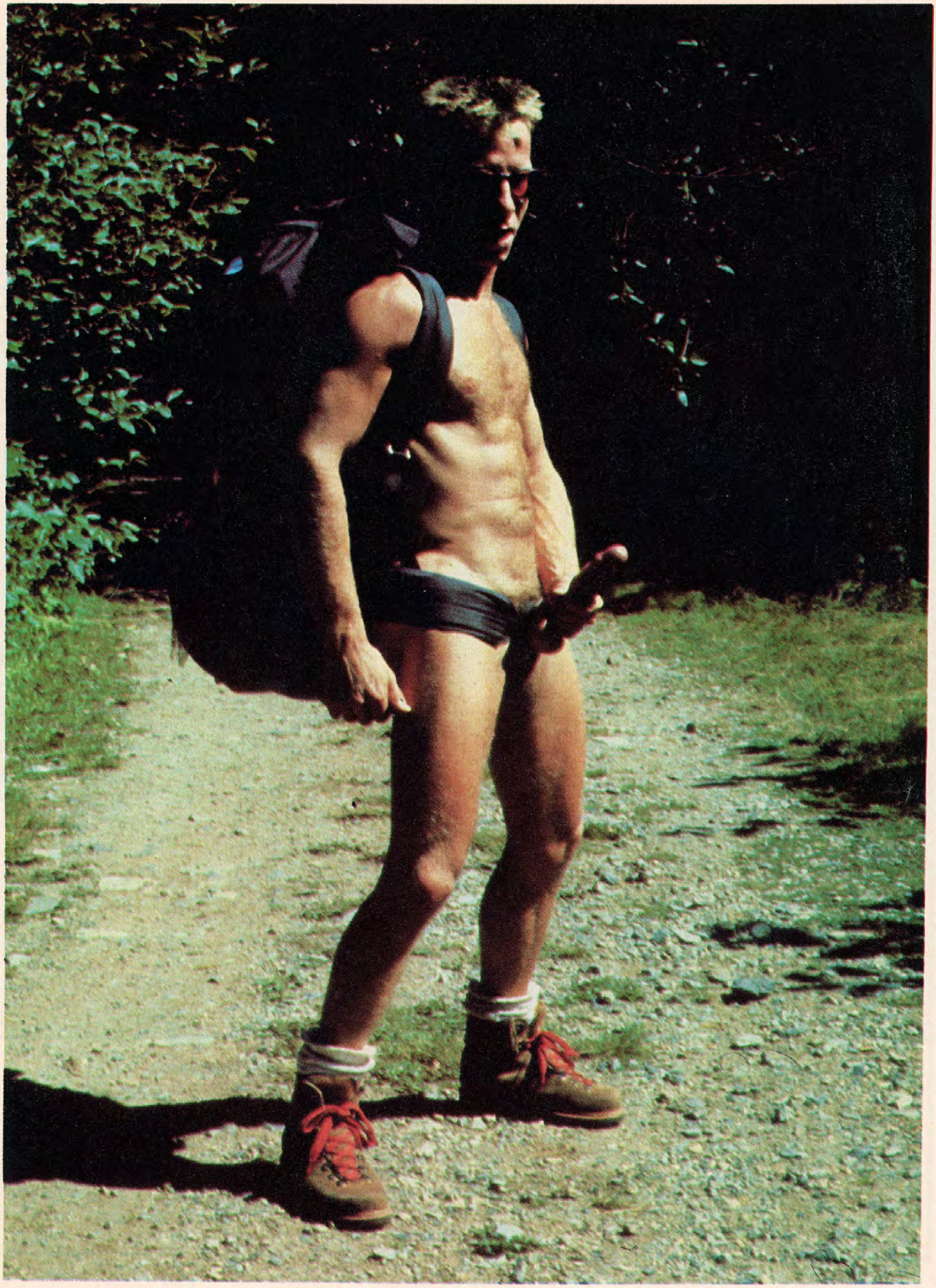

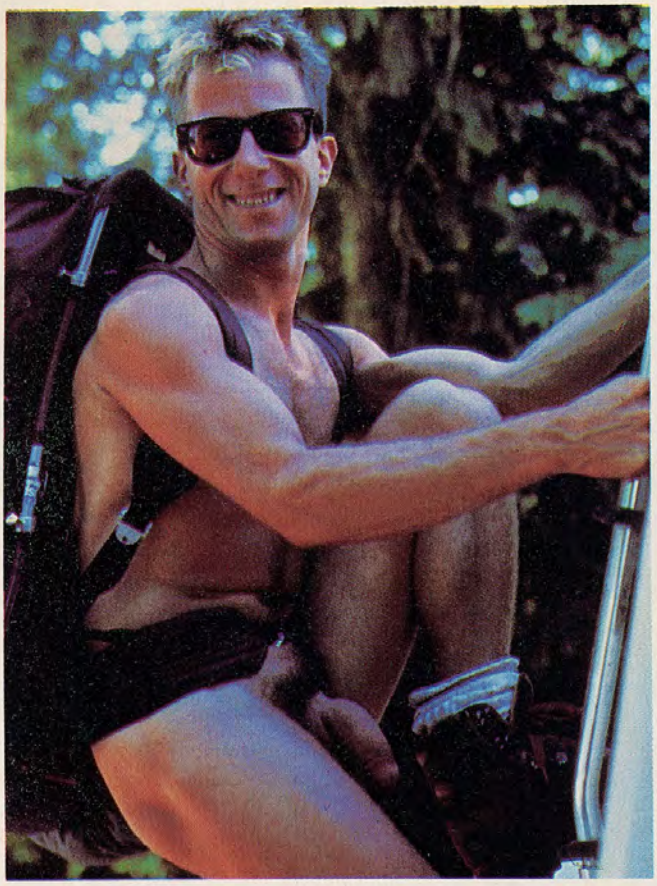

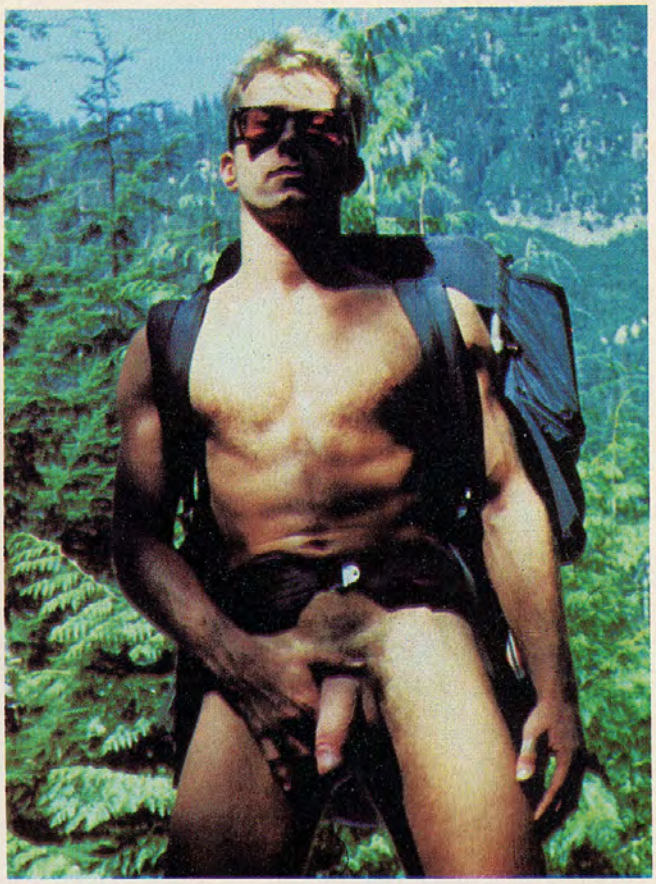

I.T.

Miguel
SAPERE

MIGUEL

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN PLATTER

fiction by T.J. Franceze

I was working in a factory, making boxes, cardboard boxes. It was boring work, but the pay was good. Since it was the summer between high school and college, I needed the money. So I put up with the monotony. And besides, I worked with a great bunch of guys, a great *looking* bunch of guys, almost all of them hunks.

There seemed to be a random sampling of every type of man imaginable. Tall men, short men, black men, Hispanics, and lots of white guys with blond, black, even one with red, hair. But they all had one thing in common, great bodies. I guess hard physical work does that to some people. Me it just makes tired.

I'm pretty tall, five foot eleven inches, but my looks aren't anything to write home about. In fact, about the only thing I've got going for me is a nice pair of blue eyes. Yet somehow I've managed to work my way around the block.

That summer I even worked my way around the factory. While wandering around the place, I found a john in one of the buildings that wasn't being used for production that summer. A few of the guys soon caught on that that particular men's room, which only had one window and was almost totally dark, was the place to go if they were feeling horny. They would drift over there, one at a time, for good blow jobs. Since it was so dark in there they could pretend they didn't know it was me, so I had no problems on the job. But after a while some of them would even jerk me off as I gobbled their dicks.

By the end of August I had sucked off all the hot ones at least once, all except Miguel, that is. He was the pick of the hunks in the box factory — the best box in the lot, you might say! A real piece of meat.

He stood over six feet tall, had one of those naturally muscular bodies that don't need much work to keep in shape. A wide, solid chest tapered to thin hips, and great rounded buns that looked perfect in a pair of skimpy shorts. Even his legs were perfectly proportioned, with muscled thighs, but not so big they started fires as he walked.

And that face: it turned heads and stopped traffic! He had chiseled cheek bones, bright white teeth, light and glowing brown eyes, and curly brown hair. He was a Hispanic Adonis and I wanted him . . . bad.

The only time I saw him alone was at work. He was dropped off in the morning and picked up in the evening by this ugly woman. I never knew what he saw in her, not that I, you remember, could melt ice cream in August, but I swore I heard her bark a few times.

During the summer our factory sponsored a softball team and who do you suppose was their star player? And guess who always crept behind to cheer him on. You guessed it, me and dog face. I began feeling unwanted or something, everywhere I followed him, she was there too. Too bad they didn't have a lockerroom — that's one place dog face couldn't have followed!

Until the last game of the summer. I showed up somewhere in the middle. There was Miguel playing on the mound of dirt in the middle of the infield, tossing his big round ball at some guy with a long fat bat. I looked around and Fido was nowhere to be seen. I think I fell on the ground and thanked someone, I know I prayed she wouldn't appear.

My spirits lifted, as did my jockey shorts and I hung around till the end of the game. It was over quickly. For some reason Miguel didn't play so well. In fact, he actually stunk, but I'm not about to say that about him. No one else did very well either.

Everyone decided to go to a nearby bar and drown their sorrows. I tagged along, knowing it wasn't going to be my kind of place, but I wasn't going to give up now.

We stayed there until the place closed, the others getting more than drunk. I kept buying Miguel drink after drink — while I stuck to sodas. Miguel couldn't see straight, much less walk, when it came time to leave. I, with my big heart, offered to take him home, not specifying which one. His eyes tried to focus on me and he nodded his assent. Once in the car he informed me he didn't want to go home.

"Shamsh shtill there," he said, mangling the words.

"Who, dog face?" Why call a stone a rose?

"Yeah. I don' ne'er wanna shee 'um," he mumbled.

"O.K.," I said, "you're welcome to crash at my place for the night" . . . "and just see if you can get out in the morning," I thought.

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Along the way to my apartment, he fell asleep. I drove through the night with a hard-on that hurt. How could I pass up a chance like this? I knew he was drunk beyond response, but I was even willing to take him stone drunk.

We had to stop three times along the fifteen-foot walk leading to my door. The first time I held him around the shoulders as his body bent forward and rattled, emptying his stomach on the grass. The second time, I pulled a fast one. I positioned myself right behind him and held onto his hips, my rock-hard cock pressing into the narrow spread of his ass.

The third time we stopped, he insisted on peeing. I begged him to wait until we got in the door, which was only two feet in front of us, but he mumbled and started undoing his fly. He stood there, right hand holding his left thumb and peeing down on his feet. He was giggly and trying to say "help." I did.

I wrapped my hand around that smooth prick hanging out of his shorts and tilted it up. He was big. Bigger than big. My entire hand was clasped around his tube and there was at least an inch plus his knob in front and more behind. I thought of taking him then and there, but even I have some morals. I dragged him in the door.

"Slip nuda," he said, wavering by the bed.

"Sounds good to me," I said, trying to push him on the bed.

"Slip nuda," he said again, attempting to take his shirt off.

By this time I had figured out he was saying "Sleep naked" and I was sure willing to help. He was still struggling with his shirt so I pulled it up over his head. His little nipples sprang to attention, staring me in the face. His smooth, hard pectoral muscles formed two squares on his chest, stretching his tight nipples sideways. I closed my eyes and thought, "Thank you, Lord."

Miguel insisted on taking his shorts off before getting into bed and I obliged by sliding them down. He wasn't wearing any underwear and I found his private parts staring me right in the eye. His cock slid down along his leg, halfway to his knees and a pair of large oval balls pushed their way forward. Unbelievable: I couldn't take my eyes of this treasure chest.

He stood there swaying, his eyes, slits across his face. What would he know, I thought? I kneeled in front of him, an inch away from that huge piece of meat. I could smell the sweat of his groin. All I had to do was open my mouth. Instead, I pulled at his shorts, still around his ankles. He fell backwards on the bed and bounced, already asleep.

I flopped in a chair opposite and pulled out my meat. I watched every move he made as he slept. The way his chest heaved slowly, smoothly, up and down, with deep breaths. The little twitch here, the muscle spasm there.

Oh how I wished I had a t.v. camera and recorder to be able to preserve that gorgeous sight! And during the hour that I watched him, jerking off all the while, his prick swelled up into magnificent erections three times — only to go soft after a few minutes. I wanted to get him off, but didn't.

He rocked on the bed once, spreading his legs. I could see the little pink pucker of his ass and felt my cock throb in my hand. I was pumping furiously on my rod, getting close, when his eyes fluttered. They met mine and his mouth moved.

"Sham," he said.

I was too close to stop now. Let him watch.

"Sham," he said again.

At first I thought he was trying to say shame. Like shame on you, heh heh. Then it hit me. Dog face's name was probably Samantha. I'd heard him call her "Sam" a few times.

I shot my load. It hit me in the head, between the eyes, across my chest, and down my belly. It felt good, but somehow the magic was lost.

"I'm not your fuckin' Samantha," I said.

"Whoosh Samantha?" he seemed to say.

Too late, he was back out. I peeled off my clothes and slid into the bed next to him, nuzzling into his side. He smelled like a brewery, one that had a bunch of beer-bellied men working in the heat all day, but I didn't mind. I drifted into a dream world.

He must have been the emperor of that world, with me his personal slave. In that strange state between waking and sleeping, I felt good, good and hard, very hard. My cock was harder than ever that morning. I floated in that in-between state for awhile, aware that my prick was standing straight up and stretching to its limit.

Suddenly it was also moist and warm. My eyes opened like that guy with no respect. I felt them surge out and pop back in, then burn like hell. My mind wasn't working yet. A tremor of fear ran down my body. Who the hell had I brought home now?

My head lifted slightly, tilted forward, and

He insisted in taking his shorts off before getting into the bed . . . I obliged by sliding them down . . . I found his private parts staring me in the eye . . .

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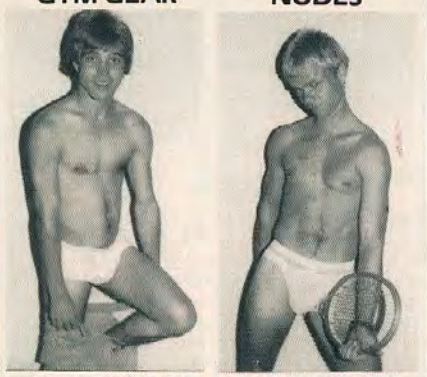

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caught sight of curly brown hair going up and down above my belly. The wet suction my cock was getting was saying someone experienced was working my tool, and using his throat yet!

I didn't realize it was Miguel until he lifted his head, his quartz tiger eyes, peering from under his dark brows, sparkling at me. Miguel — sucking — me! I nearly shot right then.

"'Bout time you got up," he said, "I've been working on this pole for an hour."

I was speechless. Words stuck in my throat. I flopped back down, as Miguel gulped my cock to the base and then worked his throat muscles, squeezing my cock. He had definitely done this before.

My head swam around the room. His mouth never stopped moving, up and down, side to side, squeezing. His hands played with my balls, rolling them from side to side in their sacs.

His shoulders were wedged between my thighs, there was no way I was going to get to that long cock that hung in front of my nose last night, unless he let me. I pushed myself up on my arms and watched, still not believing what my eyes saw.

I pulled myself forward, my hands running across his shoulders, pushing into the muscles that popped up. They were solid. I dug my fingers into his shoulder blades, a muffled sound coming up around my thighs. I felt his back muscles expanding and contracting as his head bobbed.

My hands ran down along his back, which was tight as a board, solid. Even his smooth white ass globes were hard. I tried to knead them in my hands, but they barely budged. I rubbed them instead, until his skin warmed under my hands, and he rotated his hips slightly.

I stretched forward a little more. His head, buried in my groin, bounced against my chest. My fingers ran along the crack separating his firm mounds. I felt it starting to get wider. I extended my arms farther, pulling my chest down on his head as I went. His throat closed around my cock again.

I felt soft fuzz on my finger tips. I was close. I stretched my fingers and there it was, the only soft spot on his body. I pressed it with my middle finger. His hips moved forward. I pressed again. This time he didn't move.

My finger tip pushed harder. The delicate folds of his ass pucker pressed in, then out, surrounding the first digit of my finger. He was velvety soft, warm and moist.

His head tried to push up, but butted against my chest. He was stuck in my lap, my cock deep in his throat. I had finally found the only soft spot on his body and wasn't going to give it up. I tried to move my finger, but it only popped out. I quickly pressed again and let his soft canal pucker around it again.

Then I started to twirl the finger tip. I felt his throat quiver around my cock and heard that muffled noise again. His hips started moving, side to side, twirling his tight hole on the end of my finger.

He moved slowly, his ass pulling at my finger, but it wasn't moving. The his hips pushed forward again, pop, the cold air hit my finger tip.

His arms pushed against the bed and he raised me up with his shoulders. Slowly pulling his throat, mouth, from my cock. My mind was blank, I moved where he pushed, no resistance.

He laid me back on the bed and slid his body along mine. I felt his mouth travel the expanse from my groin to my neck, along my jaw, across my cheek, and finally my mouth.

His tongue pushed in, dancing with mine, as it entered. His hand was on my hard cock, pulling it, sliding up and down, heating the saliva he covered it with. I was close, very close

His tongue slid into my throat and his hand rolled across my sensitive cock knob. It was so big it filled the palm of his huge hand. He rolled it in his palm, spreading the clear liquid across it. I could see the dark purple of it in my mind, and felt little electric tremors run through my cock to my navel.

I reached down to stop the torment, not really wanting to, but knowing what would soon happen. His other hand came from nowhere and held both my arms against my stomach. The quivering spread. My whole body started to shake.

Suddenly my body lurched from the bed, pushing him up with it. A hot burning streak pulsed from my belly to the tip of my cock, as a white flash went through my head.

I felt his hand bounce against the tip of my engorged prick. My first surge of cum flew out of me with such force that it almost knocked his hand away.

He didn't miss a swirl. My cock was pulsating now, pushing the cum through it with each beat. My legs bounced on the bed, my stomach contracted, pulling me up. I felt my insides shooting out through my piss slit, while a warm wetness ran down my rod and onto my balls and belly.

I lost control. Every muscle of my body was going in rapid-fire action. My eyes rolled back in my head, and I felt myself shoot through the ceiling.

When I came to, on the bed, I felt my heart pounding. Miguel's hand was wrapped firmly around the stalk of my cock, squeezing. It was still pumping, but was dry. His mouth was sucking the cum from my belly, licking it from my balls.

My hands touched his head and he slid back up to me, stopping to suckle my nipples first. When his mouth covered mine, ! tasted my own cum on his lips. I wanted to taste his, but my body wouldn't respond yet.

He pulled his mouth off mine and smiled.

"What about Sam," I breathed?

"Sam's gone," he said. "Wasn't really my type anyway."

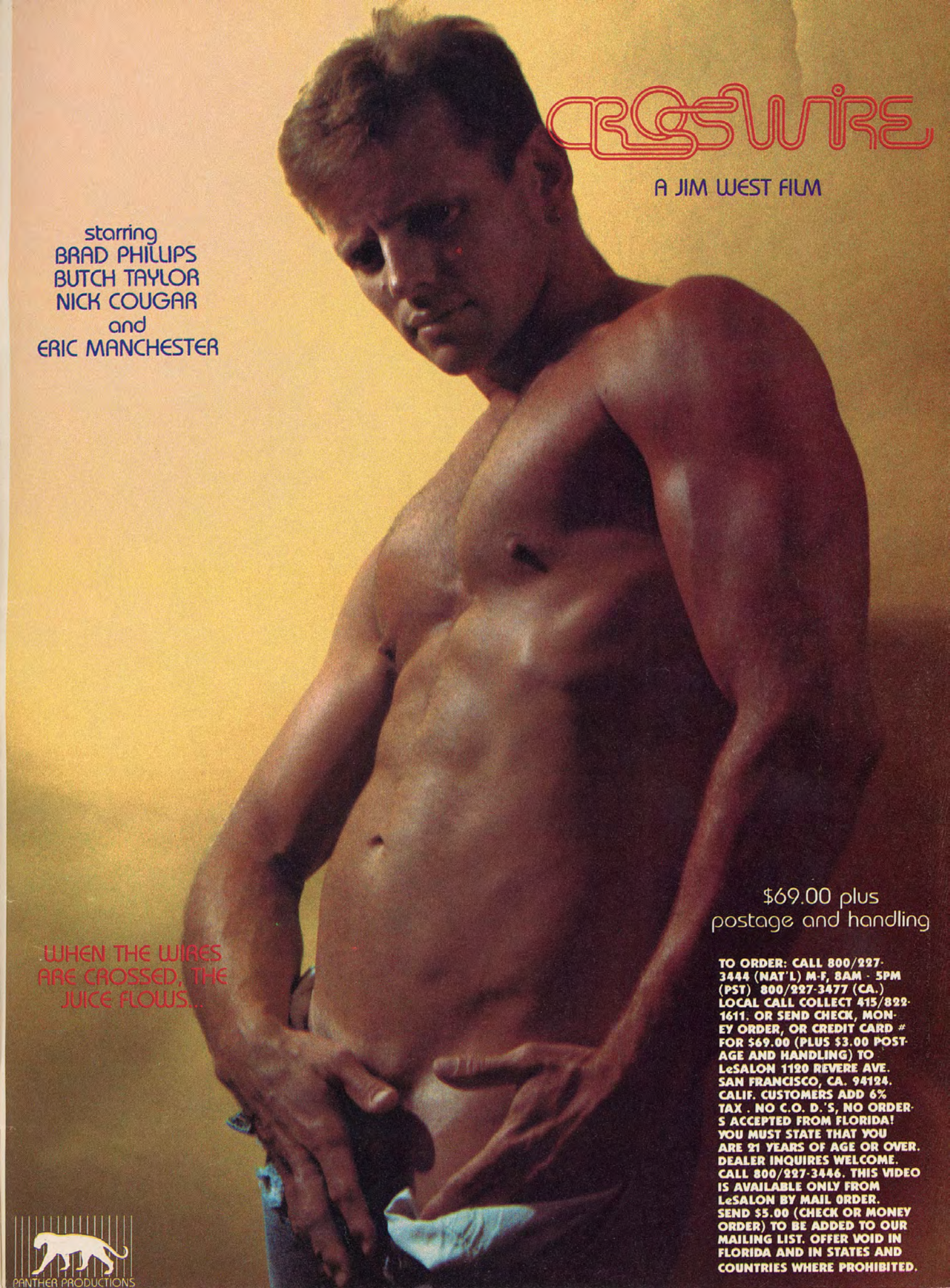
"She was a dog," I hissed, always the diplomat.

"HE was a dog," he snickered. "Samuel was a dog!"

I couldn't help myself — I burst out laughing.

My hand ran along his body and discovered he was still rock hard. "Stupid dog," I thought, "he left behind a marvelous bone."

But, needless to say, I buried it for him. I.T.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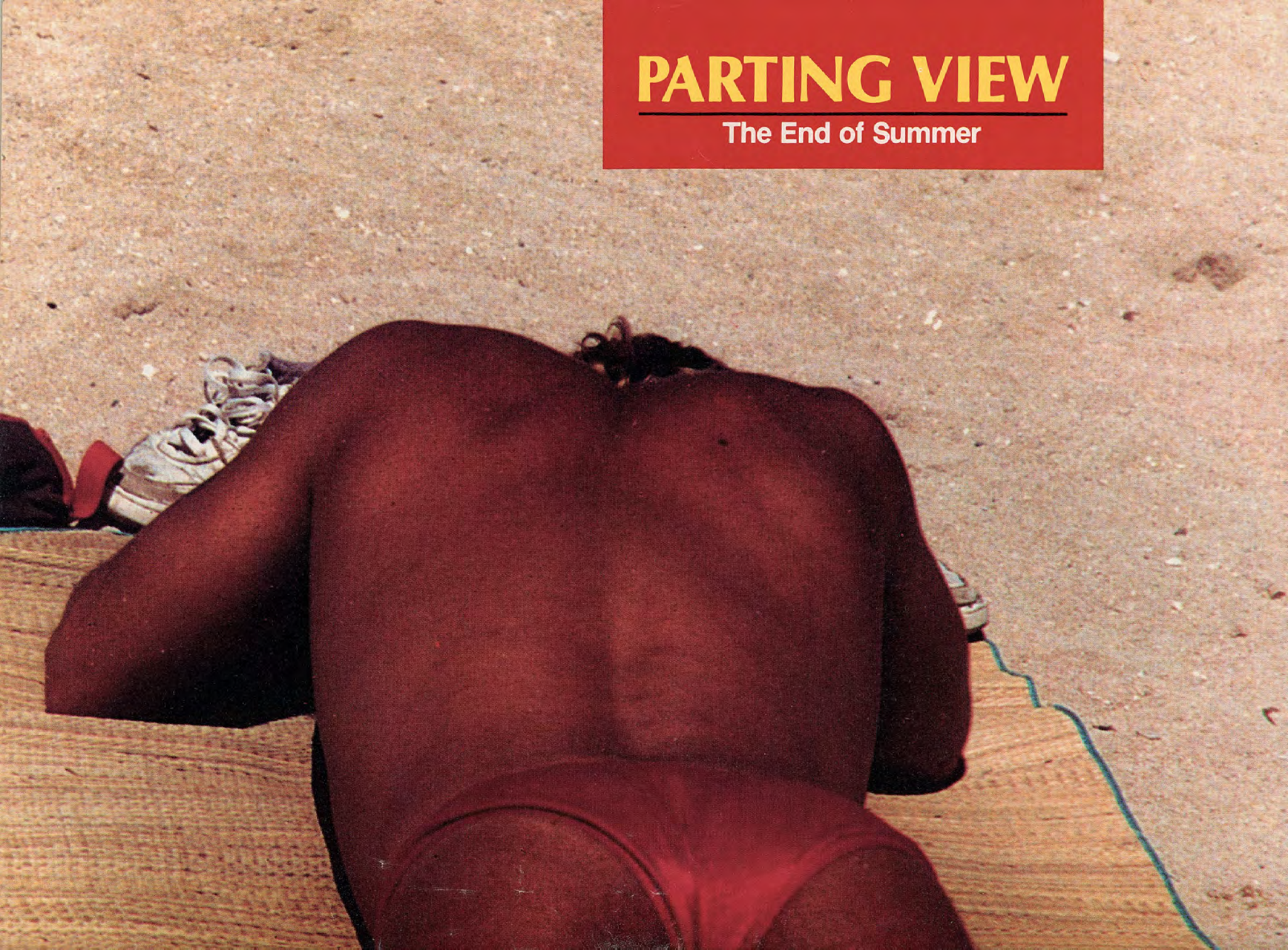
PARTING VIEW
The End of Summer

photo by Alan Light

As we approach the end of summer this month, let's take just one last look at what we've been looking at for the past three months on the beach.

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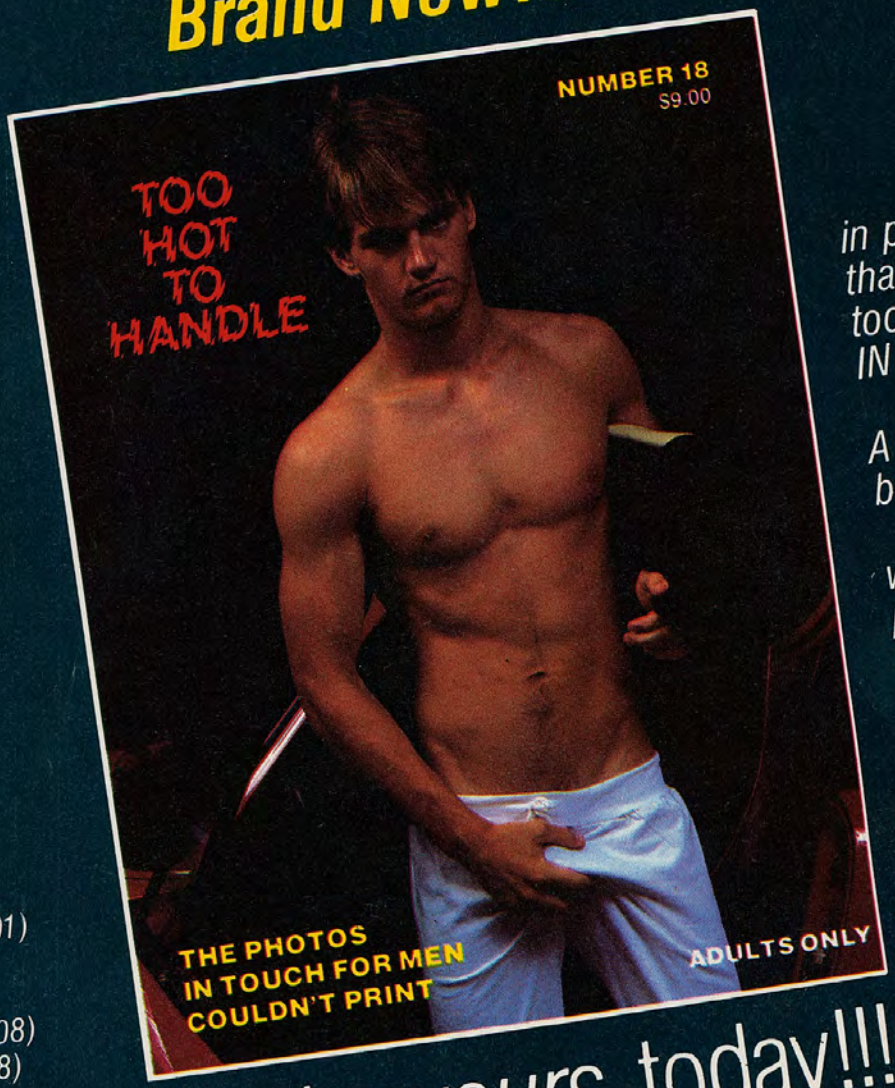

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LETTERS

(continued from page 79)

means). Anyway, you have the best mag out and over the last two years you have made me feel good about being gay. In fact, I just resigned myself to coming out to my parents, right before last Christmas and because I was so positive they both took it great! Being in college doesn't allow you to be as "out" as you would like, so I owe a lot of my positive feelings to your mag. Thanks.

J.A.M.
Long Beach, CA

Well, kid, you just made my day — my week, even! Thanks for the kind words. We do try and it's nice to be appreciated. As to when you get your friends' copies of I.T., don't count on it! Most of our readers save every issue.

BAREASS BOYS

I read with interest the letter from Bob of Biddeford, Maine (#139), regarding male strippers. I too enjoy going to male strip shows and especially enjoy going to the Gaiety Theatre in New York City's Times Square, especially on Friday and Saturday nights when they have their 14 stud marathons and their duo dancers! I would second Bob's motion to have a video of such a strip show, especially with the spectacular hardon finale; I'm sure it would be a hit! As was mentioned in your editor's reply to Bob's letter, I too have often wondered why there are not such places of entertainment in Los Angeles. On my frequent visits to L.A., which seems to be overflowing with beautiful young and hung guys, I just can't imagine why no such theatres exist. One male strip theatre that you failed to mention is the Follies in Washington, D.C. While not as grand as the thriving Gaiety or the now-defunct Ramrod in New York, they still put on good shows, especially on weekends. The dancers come right down into the audience for a little "direct contact," and the theatre was just recently remodeled. They frequently feature male porno stars (from California, which again makes me wonder why there are no burlesque theaters there), and the dancers always end each show with a "hardon grand finale."

Tom
Harrisburg, PA

You're making me all hot and horny as I sit here at my word processor writing about all those gorgeous guys who strip for us. In the last few months there seems to have started a vogue for male strippers in L.A.: the In Touch Lounge has been having some great dancers (Steve, Michael Vincent, etc.) on Mondays to very appreciative crowds and several of the other bars are following suit, but still no regular stage burlesque with a passel of good-looking dudes. In San Francisco there are two theaters that feature nude dancers (who finish off their acts by jerking off!) but they come out one at a time, followed by a movie, then the next one comes out, etc., and it's just not worth it (so sue me!).

UNCUT IS BEST

Just received #139 and renewed my subscription. Only two complaints: (1) Where are the uncut models lately? Why, when they are published, do you insist on mostly showing them "foreskin-retracted" instead of their natural state — why bother, if you aren't going to portray them correctly? (2) Your "Letters" used to be short letters about real people or events — "gossip" or "insight" into sexy situations or persons. Now, you have long, rambling, incoherent letters going on and on about nothing except "worldwide" frustrated personal problems or "worldwide" letters of praise for your magazine . . . hey, we already like I.T. . . . you already have fiction in it. Let's get the FUN back into your letters! FUN — that letter you published about "small-cock" actors being sexy mentioned Willie Aames and Scott Baio "docking" with uncut Scott . . . Sensational! It touched off the biggest argument you ever saw in print with indignant fans swearing that Scott is really cut! Ha! Ha! But keep up the great work and keep my I.T. issues coming!

Joey
San Jose, CA

Gee whiz, Joey baby, I don't write the letters so if I don't get any short funny ones what can I do?

ASSES ARE ACES!

I see that you are paying attention to the results of your SexQuestionnaire (#132 through #138) and are featuring more asshole shots in your magazine. Keep up the good work. I am also enclosing a copy of one of the pages of Cleveland's Yellow Pages. If you will look at the right hand column, second name from the bottom you will see the name of an insurance agent that might be of interest to your readers.

Robert
Lakewood, OH

Now, Robert, just what makes you think that our readers would be interested in an insurance agent listed in the phone book as LARGE DICK? Don't everybody cancel their insurance to sign up with this guy — I understand he's busy day and night, especially the latter. When I lived in nearby Akron, one of the amusing listings in that phonebook was PAPPAS PETER. And then there was the lady known to many truck drivers as Fonda Peters, as she was listed in the phone book! What a life she led!

PUFF'N STUFF

Cigarette smokers are a fetish of mine. No explanation offered, they just turn me on. Is it possible to find out if any of the I.T. models are smokers? If so, do any appear in issue #137? Also, which back issues containing smokers should I consider ordering? And finally, have you ever included photos of guys smoking? A lot's being asked here, but who knows? Maybe other readers share these interests and your response will generate a lot of back order requests. Of a related nature, actor Joe Penny, who plays Jake Styles in the t.v. series "Jake and the

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Fat Man," is rumored to be a Marlboro man. Is he? Do you know if he has ever done any modeling and if so, where his work can be found?

J.W.
Somerville, MA

Whew, you don't want much do you? Actually, I don't know if any, some, or all of our models smoke. I've noticed that none of the men who come to our offices to be interviewed about being models ever smoke — don't know why. But perhaps our readers have something to say on this subject. As to Joe Penny, in my humble opinion he is one of the hottest men on earth! In a recent t.v. movie co-starring with Lisa Hartman, there was a scene in a hotel room just before he and Lisa hit the sack. He stands posed against a window, wearing nothing but a towel, with his massive, hair-covered pecs, his muscular arms, and his defined torso on display — as I lay in bed saying, "Thank God for video recorders!" I might point out that since there was no logical dramatic reason for him to stand in such a revealing pose, it can only have been done because the director realized that Joe's overwhelming masculinity demanded that he be shown so!

INQUIRING MINDS IN TEXAS

The other night I sat down to a quaint, candle-lit dinner with some friends. During the meal, a question arose that none of us could answer: Where did the term "blow job" come from and why "blow" when most of the action consists of, but is not limited to, licking and sucking? Could you please help us answer this question? If you, your staff, your contacts, or readers don't know the answer, we may have to call Dr. Ruth or write to Masters and Johnson.

Matt F.
San Angelo, TX

Goodness, what was the main dish at that meal — Polish sausage? I haven't the foggiest notion as to where "blow job" comes from — in fact, I haven't the foggiest notion where my next one is coming from — but that's a different story. Readers, any suggestions? But whatever you do, Matt, don't ask those dopey two, Masters & Johnson, who rank right up there next to the notorious Dr. Reuben who told the world a few years ago in Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask *that the usual form of homosexual sex was mutual masturbation!*

THE MARSHALL PLAN

I love you guys. I love your magazine. I love what it does to that part of my anatomy that never gets too tired to show its appreciation of the incredible beauty of the male body. For me, the living perfection of that male beauty is embodied in none other than Kurt Marshall (I.T. #100)! God, what a man! That beautiful face, those seductive eyes beneath delicate brows, that gorgeous blond hair, those soft inviting lips, that dimpled chin. And a body! God, what a body! All that smooth, golden skin, those lickable nips, those lightly-haired armpits, that lean torso leading down to a swatch of curly brown hairs above a dick so long and infinitely suckable that only the most beautiful hanging balls in the world could possibly divert your attention! Having made four porn films of variable quality (no fault of his), we just wanted to see more of *him),* Kurt's magnificence has thankfully been caught many times by photographers and I can't thank them or him enough! Kurt, you're sensational! Thanks for everything! Oh, by the way, the reason I'm writing is to respond to Rod's question in #136's letter section. Model Billy Gant did appear in a gay porn film: William Higgins' *Cousins,* with Matt Ramsey. Billy only appears in the first sequence, but believe me, it's well-worth checking out. There also exists a hardcore mag of Billy and Matt together in scenes not seen in the video. The mag is called *Cum In Me,* and is advertised as containing "Excerpts from William Higgins' Production of *Cousins.*")

M.F.
Woodstock, IL

It's hard to believe that anyone would consider Kurt Marshall attractive just because he has all those attributes you mention — after all, the main reason we watch videos is to see good acting, isn't it? I know that's why I watch and why I think that superb manimal Chad Douglas is my favorite performer — acting!

FACT & FANCY

I spent the first week in February in a hospital due to a minor heart attack. Upon being discharged, I retrieved my things from the room's closet and closed the drapes around my hospital bed. Grateful to finally be rid of the drab hospital gown, I put on my own garments: winter white panties, a scoop neck button-front camisole with vertical rows of white ruffles — of cotton. Also, a denim mini-skirt with rows of ruffles at the bottom. It has a banded waist; back button - and zipper closing. It's in disco blue and cotton. And white penny loafers. Furthermore, when I got home, I found a handsome Persian cat waiting for me. I took him inside and gave him some milk. Subsequently, the feline transformed himself into I.T. #137's coverman, Joe Reeve. He stood before me in al his naked magnificence! I almost fainted! Good thing I was already sitting down. Joe spoke, "While you were in the hospital you prayed to the Gods for a partner to share your life. The cat-goddess, Bast, sent me to you. I can shift shape at will. We will wait until March to make love. Until then I shall sleep on your bed — in the form of a cat. I will belong to you as long as I'm your heart's desire.

Jasmine Rohlfing
13802 Gunther St.
Garden Grove, CA 92643

I too have seen in the flesh the magnificent reality of Joe Reeve, who is not only fair to look upon but is also delightful to know. We're glad you're back home and hope you are doing well. I.T.

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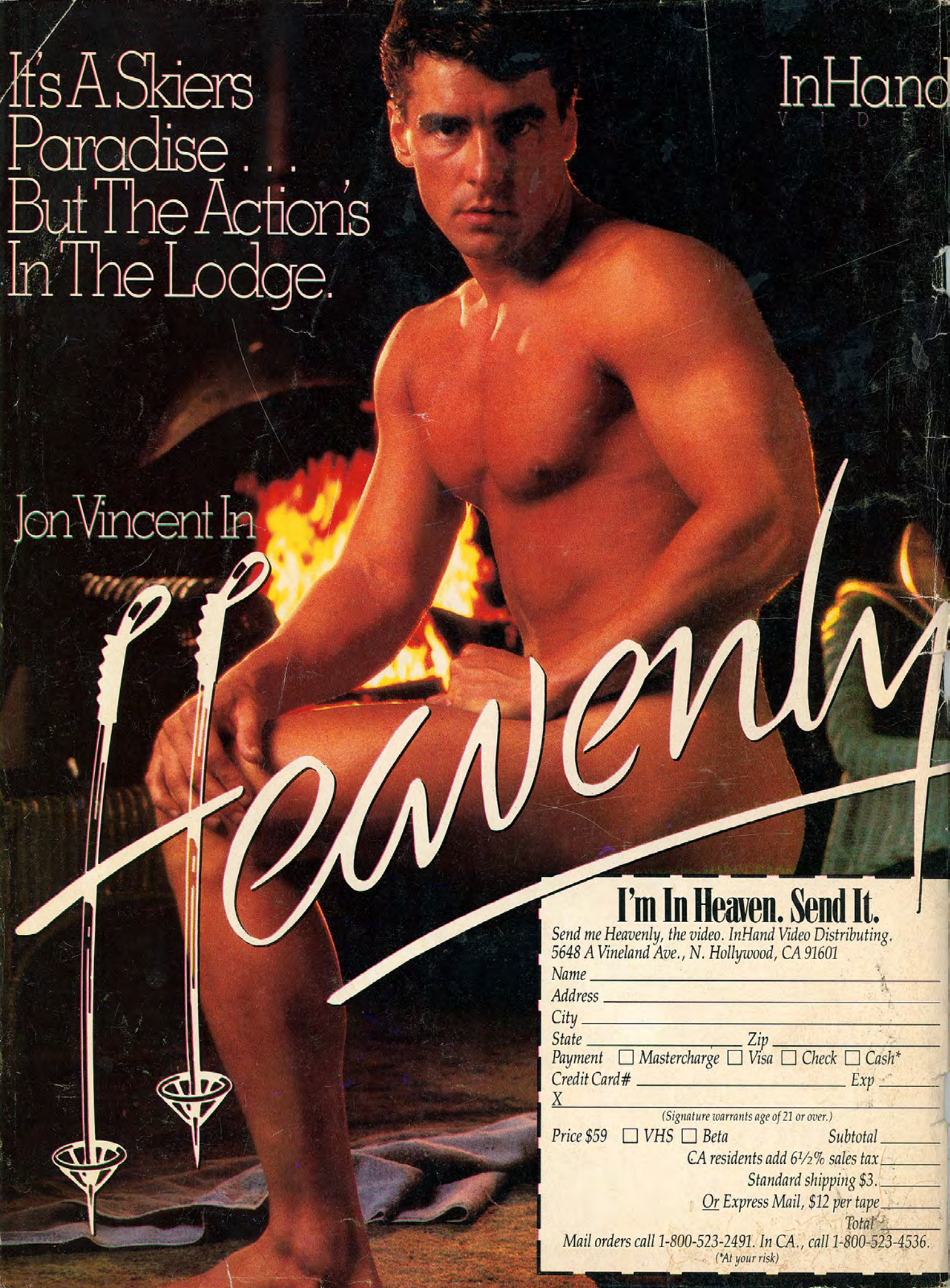

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